AN

APOLOGY

FOR THE

Monthly Review;

WITH AN

APPENDIX

In Behalf of the

CRITICAL:

In which the Riſe, Progreſs and Perfection; the Learning, Ingenuity and Equity; of both thoſe literary Tribunals, are inveſtigated and exhibited, in ſpecimens on every ſubject and of every kind.

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AN

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FOR THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

CRITICISM, being of all arts the moſt conducive to the improvement of Learning, whether in forming the taſte of a Writer or Reader, could not but be in all poliſhed nations a ſtudy of the higheſt regard: a ſtudy, which as it could alone perfect genius, by genius alone could be promoted. If capacity and knowlege are alike indiſpenſable to a perfect judge of intellectual productions, or if a conſummate performer is the moſt likely to prove a conſummate judge; no wonder that the greateſt writers of all ages and kinds, however different in their other purſuits, whether philoſophers, orators, or even poets, have become ſucceſſive or contemporary rivals, for the name of *Critic*. To mention *Ariſtotle*, *Tully*, *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Pope*, &c. who have thus added precept to example; or *Quintilian*, *Longinus*, *Le Clerc* and others, who have exhibited them in one, were to repeat what the knowing are happy to know, and what the ignorant are proud to believe.

In this eminent as inſtructive character, when not ſingle perſons only, but learned ſocieties had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in various parts of *Europe*, a book-monger, a book-maker, a caledonian ſcholaſtic, not a *Duns Scotus*, an hibernian doctor, but by no means a *Swift*, and perhaps ſeven other choice ſpirits, whoſe names never tranſpired, erected themſelves ſome years ago into a court of criticiſm at *London*, by the name, ſtile and title of the MONTHLY REVIEW; where conjunctly or ſeverally they were to pronounce in name of the public upon the merit of every literary work that ſhould appear in any language. And indeed thoſe ſelf-conſtituted critics, who by judging for the public were kindly to ſave it the trouble of judging; and to point the objects of eſteem or neglect,

the pieces to be read and thoſe to be reprobated, were qualified for the arduous taſk far beyond their predeceſſors. Till then the univerſal voice of Criticiſm had been,

> ‘ Let thoſe teach others, who themſelves excel ;
> And cenſure freely, who have written well.’

which the new Inquiſitors ſeem to have read,

> Let thoſe teach others, who could ne’er excel ;
> And cenſure freely who have written well :

that is, thoſe who have written well: for thoſe who have written ill, it proved their conſequent maxim, whence they never have ſwerved, to cenſure very ſparingly, or rather to applaud ſometimes with the warmeſt encomiums.

But in condemning the excellent, or commending the execrable, they have often, if not always, been perfectly honeſt; as having decided commonly in both according to the beſt of their united judgement. This judgement has indeed ſometimes been influenced by motives, which to the unindulgent may appear ſiniſter. But who can blame them for treating favorably the property of a lordly bookſeller, or perhaps of a bookmaking lord, on whom the propagation of their deciſions, and thence their own property, muſt ſo much depend? Or, when ſuch juſt attachment is out of the queſtion, who can blame them for ſpeaking well of performances that breath a ſpirit congenial with their own; or for mauling without mercy whatever may deviate from their model? And if whatever eſſays they may have reſpectively made for the delight or inſtruction of the public, have not failed by ſome unaccountable fatality to meet with the worſt of ingratitude, is it ought but mere juſtice to chaſtiſe the ungrateful, eſpecially where they may be ſo eaſily known, and to pull down injurious deſpiſers as near as poſſible to a level with themſelves?

Of other corruption this court was never ſo much as ſuſpected; nor was it ever inſinuated that any author, however fond or fearful, propoſed the ſmalleſt gratuity to a monthly Inquiſitor, whether to purchaſe praiſe or deprecate damnation. From bias indeed of any kind, at leaſt from vulgar bias, this tribunal is totally free; having never betrayed, in any of its deciſions, the ſmalleſt partiality for religion, virtue, or excellence, literary or intellectual. Nor is this ſo much the effect of art as of nature: void as are the inquiſitors of any ſuch feelings or failings themſelves, they either honeſtly miſtake them for their oppoſites; or, when by any odd accident they cannot help knowing them, neither can they help treating ſuch heterogeneous qualities with all the rigor that prejudice and preſumption deſerve.

But if, on the contrary, any new author has the honor to be of their own claſs—that claſs which the French ſo happily ſtile *ſtrong ſpirits*, and the Engliſh no leſs ingeniouſly name *free-thinkers*; or if his learning and wit are as profound and ſublime as are ſuppoſed thoſe celebrated underſtandings, the raviſhed *Reviewers* acknowlege a brother, and conſequently announce him to the public as a ſtar, if not a conſtellation of the firſt magnitude.

Free therefore from every impreſſion to which all other critics have been ſuppoſed liable, nay from every prejudice of humanity; and ſuperior to the need, or indeed to the capacity of any of the qualifications held hitherto neceſſary for a literary judge; independant alike of learning and virtue, of taſte and talent, this britiſh Inquiſition might and may well proceed (which no earthly tribunal elſe could or can pretend) to take cogniſance of all cauſes religious and civil, ſcientific and ingenious, with an equal authority, becauſe with an equal knowlege of them all; to ſummon before them every author of every nation and language; to weigh with infallibility the merits and demerits of each; and abſolutely to diſpoſe of his fame and his fortune, without being accountable either to man or God. Without ſo much as a pretended commiſſion from either, this court having begun, continued, and being likely to end, no man or ſet of men need attempt to rival its ardor, or partake its praiſe. All that poor authors or readers can do, is humbly to admire where they cannot imitate, and implicitly to ſubmit their geniuſes and judgements, their productions and peruſals to ſo righteous and enlightened a tribunal.

It muſt however be confeſſed that the members of this court proceed with like title and with the ſame ſpirit, nay are perhaps the ſelf-ſame individuals as the late glorious *Reviewers* of the Theatres-royal, or as the ſtill more glorious Reviewers, who *deſpiſe dominion and ſpeak evil of dignities*, and have periodically or occaſionally, in proſe and in verſe, criticiſed the rulers of the britiſh ſtate.

Be the agents who they will, the ſpirit is manifeſt which animates them all; a ſpirit, as has been ſhown, neither natural nor ſupernatural, neither human nor divine; nor yet that of *Eacus*, *Minos* or *Rhadamanthus*; but that ſpirit which has always called *evil good*, and *good evil*; which has always been *an accuſer of the brethren*; that ſpirit, by which *Joab* ſmote *Amaſa* under the fifth rib, while he embraced him and ſaid: *Art thou in health, my brother?* by which *Judas* ſaluted in like manner his maſter; that ſpirit which having prompted *Barabbas* to emulate *Cain*, induced prudent *Pilate* to releaſe him who had only ſtirred up ſedition and committed murder, and to crucify the Prince of peace and the Savior of mankind; and which before had ſtimulated *Korah* and his company of

Critics to review the people of God; that ſpirit, in ſhort, which in whatever ſemblance, or under whatever name, has reſolutely raged againſt every exorciſt from *Johnſon*, *Young*, *Pope*, &c. up to *Moſes*, *St. Paul*, and *Jeſus Chriſt*; and which has paſſed, with a variety of wondrous tranſmigrations, down from the *herd of ſwine*, to the bench of the *Monthly Review*.

What the numbers are, or the names either of the inſpired or inſpirers; whether each of thoſe has one of theſe as his peculiar guardian, or whether the latter act conjunctly upon each of the former; whether the judges ſit jointly upon every author, or whether every judge has his allotted department as well as inſpirer, it cannot be imagined very eaſy, however important, to explore.

But *by their fruits ye ſhall know them*, poſſeſſing or poſſeſſed. By inveſtigating one, we may gueſs at the other. Some have not unnaturally ſuppoſed from the period of the literary edicts, that the intelligences of this tribunal were like the waters of the ocean, dependant on the motions of the Moon; while others have imputed with no leſs ſhrewdneſs that riſibility to which they have been ſome years more particularly ſubject, even in the moſt ſerious cauſes, to the occaſional poiſon of a Tarantula. But as on one hand all Reviews are not periodical, ſo on the other all periodical Reviews are not monthly. Neither is the laughing-ſickneſs always the effect of a tarantula: various are its poſſible cauſes. As crying ſprings ſometimes from immoderate laughter, ſo laughter ſometimes ſtifles only an immoderate inclination to cry. Again, if to *Cynthia* the author of *The Night-thoughts* confeſſes ſo many obligations, without having ever been ſuſpected of undue lunar influence, unleſs perhaps by the ſagacious tribunal, the judges themſelves muſt be allowed clear of any ſuch debt to that luminary.

Far other indeed are their aids, as has at length been demonſtratively found; proving actually the heroes of *Paradiſe loſt*, and the heroine of the *Dunciad*; no leſs than

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, pow'rs;

and firſt no leſs than he

Who durſt defy th'Omnipotent to arms;

and perſeveres

——inſatiate to purſue
Vain war with Heav'n.

The ſecond

One next himſelf in pow'r, and next in crime—
Beelzebub——————————than whom
Satan except, none higher ſat——

of whom we alſo learn that when he roſe, he ſeemed

A pillar of ſtate: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation ſat and Public Care;

Sage

——Sage he ſtood
With atlantean ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mighty monarchies.——

After the two of primary order

Firſt *Moloch*, horrid king! beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud,
Their childrens cries unheard.
——On t'other ſide uproſe
Belial, in act more graceful and humane.
A fairer perſon loſt not Heav'n; he ſeem'd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
But all was falſe and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt counſels: for his thoughts were low,
To Vice induſtrious, but to nobler deeds
Tim'rous and ſlothful.——

——— ——— ——— ———

Belial——than whom a ſp'rit more lewd
Fell not from Heav'n, or more groſs to love
Vice for itſelf.

The laſt, not leaſt predominant, is

Mammon, the leaſt erected ſp'rit that fell
From Heav'n; for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'ns pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy elſe enjoy'd
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught
Ranſackt the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treaſures better hid.

With theſe ſuperior powers it were equally idle and improper to name the lower orders, whether

Of *Baalim* and *Aſhtaroth*, thoſe male,
Theſe feminine——

or

Aſtoreth, whom the Phenicians call'd
Aſtarte, queen of Heav'n, with creſcent horns:
To whoſe bright image nightly by the moon

Not critics but

Sidonian virgins paid their vows and ſongs.

But of far greater influence than all other feminine, or even than the maſculine powers already celebrated; the foundreſs indeed and guardian of their empire as well as of the *Monthly Review*, is the *mighty Mother* who

In eldeſt time, e'er mortals writ or read,
E'er Pallas iſſu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Supine o'er all poſſeſt her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night.

Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

How plainly did ſhe fore-ordain the heroe of the *Review* her high-prieſt!

Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
A vail of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her ſacred Dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſt his home.

Hence miſcellanies ſpring, the weekly boaſt
Of ——'s chaſte preſs, and ——'s rubric poſt.
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines;
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines.

To grace her dauntleſs Son, ſhe now proclaims
By herald-hawkers, high heroic games.

And then how clearly the *Review* itſelf!

With authors ſtationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all.)
Glory and gain th'induſtrious tribe provoke,
And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.

For the reviewing game, which ſhe ſeem'd to have chiefly in view, let us hear how ſhe incites the candidates. Nor could the *Review* have been more happily typified than by its neighbor,

The king of dykes! than whom no ſluice of mud
With deeper ſable blots the ſilver-flood.
"Here ſtrip, my children! here at once leap in,
"Here prove who beſt can daſh through thick and thin,
"And who the moſt in love of dirt excel,
"Or dark dexterity of groping well;
"Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes around
"The ſtream, be his the Weekly Journals bound:
"A pig of lead to him who dives the beſt;
"A peck of coals apiece ſhall glad the reſt."

And again ſtill more directly:

"Ye Critics! in whoſe heads, as equal ſcales,
"I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails;
"Which moſt conduce to ſooth the ſoul in ſlumbers,
"My * * 's periods, or my * * 's numbers;

"Attend

" Attend the trial we propoſe to make:
" If there be man, who o'er ſuch works can wake,
" Sleep's all-ſubduing charms who dares defy,
" And boaſts Ulyſſes' ear with Argus' eye;
" To him we grant our ampleſt pow'rs to ſit
" Judge of all preſent, paſt, and future wit;
" To cavil, cenſure, dictate, right or wrong,
" Full and eternal privilege of tongue."

Then how finely the poet foreſees and foreſhows the *Reviewers* and their votaries!

This fav'rite iſle, long ſever'd from her reign
Dove-like, ſhe gathers to her wings again.
Now look through fate! behold the ſcene ſhe draws!
What aids, what armies to aſſert her cauſe!
See all her progeny, illuſtrious ſight!
Behold, and count them, as they riſe to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vy
In homage to the mother of the ſky,
Surveys around her, in the bleſt abode,
An hundred ſons, and ev'ry ſon a God:
Not with leſs glory mighty Dulneſs crown'd
Shall take through Grubſtreet her triumphant round,
And her Parnaſſus glancing o'er at once
Behold an hundred ſons, and each a Dunce.

But nothing could be more perfectly prefigured than two very celebrated *Reviewers*, who ſeem to conſtitute a court by themſelves:

Behold yon Pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a *Paſquin*, that a *Grumbler* write.
Like are their merits, like rewards they ſhare:
And ſhould——

Well knew *Pope*, not only the preſent, but future propriety of the poor ghoſt's advice.

Yet oh, my ſons! a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preſerve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One diſpenſe
The ſource of Newton's light, of Bacon's ſenſe!
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Perſiſt, by all divine in man unaw'd:
But learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your GOD.

as *Virgil* had known before him, that of his damned ghoſt's, who ſaid

Diſcite juſtitiam moniti, & non temnere Divos,

which may be otherwiſe rendered

Learn juſtice, ye ſcoffers; take warning from me,
Who now am what ev'ry ſuch Critic ſhall be.

And well did he ſee and foreſee the numbers that circled and would encircle the attractive Queen:

And now had Fame's poſterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations ſummon'd to the throne:
The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway,
One inſtinct ſeizes, and tranſports away.
None need a guide, by ſure attraction led,
And ſtrong impulſive gravity of head:
None want a place: for all their center found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.
Not cloſer, orb in orb, conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing bees about their duſky Queen.
The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confeſs.
Not thoſe alone who paſſive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cauſe.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town,
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mongrel no one claſs admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

She thus bleſſes and ordains them:

Then bleſſing all, Go, children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full;
My ſons be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, aſſert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.

The Goddeſs having thus commiſſioned and matriculated her choſen miniſters, the Muſe cannot but announce the progreſs and conſummation of the ſoporific empire:

O Muſe! relate (for you can tell alone:
Wits have ſhort mem'ries, and dunces none)
Relate, who firſt, who laſt reſign'd to reſt,
Whoſe heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt;
What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull; [Wrong——
Till drown'd was Senſe, and Shame, and Right and
O ſing, and huſh the Nations with thy ſong!

In

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain——the all-compoſing hour
Reſiſtleſs falls: the Muſe obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! ſhe comes! the ſable Throne behold
Of *Night* primeval, and of *Chaos* old!
Before her *Fancy*'s gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit ſhoots in vain its momentary fires;
The meteor drops, and in a flaſh expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's ſtrain,
The ſick'ning Stars fade off th'ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is night.
See ſculking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of caſuiſtry heap'd o'er her head!
Philoſophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her ſecond cauſe, and is no more.
Phyſic of *Metaphyſic* begs defence,
And *Metaphyſic* calls for aid on *Senſe!*
See *Myſtery* to *Mathematics* fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave and die.
Religion bluſhing vails her ſacred fires,
And unawares *Morality* expires.
Nor *public* flame, nor *private*, dares to ſhine;
Nor *human* ſpark is left, nor glimpſe *divine!*
Lo! thy dread empire, CHAOS! is reſtor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And univerſal Darkneſs buries all.

The ſame poet had indeed upon another plan made different obſervations and given other rules to Critics.

'Tis hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill:
But, of the two, leſs dang'rous is th'offence,
To tire our patience than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this:
Ten cenſure wrong, for one who writes amiſs.

——— ——— ——— ———

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

Such as

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

Thus qualified

All

All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales.

All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.

What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.

Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile

A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing:
Drink deep, or taſte not the pierian ſpring.

Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.

All ſeems infected that th'infected ſpy:
As all looks yellow to a jandic'd eye.

But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name;
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte and learning go.
Lanch not beyond your depth; but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.

Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.

Firſt follow Nature, and your judgement frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame.

Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides,
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides.

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find,
Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the mind.

Avoid extremes, and ſhun the fault of ſuch
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
As things ſeem large that we through miſt deſcry:
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.

To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways
Are mortals urg'd through ſacred luſt of praiſe!

Ah!

Ah! ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the Critic let the Man be loſt.

Learn then what morals Critics ought to ſhow;
For 'tis but half a Judge's taſk to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgement, learning join:
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candor ſhine.

But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiaſt, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſt, nor blindly right:
Though learn'd, well-bred; and, though well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere;
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human-kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride,
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide:
Such once were Critics, ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.

Thoſe gen'rous Critics fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire;
Then Criticiſm the Muſes handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd.
But following Wits from that intention ſtray'd:
Who could not win the Miſtreſs, woo'd the Maid;
Againſt the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd, &c.

But when *Pope* ſo remarked or ſo enjoined, it muſt be owned that he was little better than a ſchoolboy: nor indeed do the *Reviewers* or their *Readers* hold *Pope* at any age higher than a mere verſifier (however unworthy) to the Goddeſs, whom they ſo devoutly worſhip, and whoſe empire they ſo faithfully labor to extend.

Though ſhe muſt be acknowleged the author and finiſher of their faith, as well as the conſtant guide of their practice; that ſhe operates upon them by the intervention of her eldeſt emiſſaries the miltonic heroes, will abundantly appear from ſome extracts of the deciſions of the *Monthly Review* upon works of wit and works of dulneſs, on every ſubject, and in every kind; of learning, religion, politics, &c. in verſe as well as proſe; ſuch extracts too from the ſeveral parts and periods of the incomparable verdicts, as will ſhow the whole procedure of the Court to have been conducted by the ſame powers through whoſe impulſe it began.

Free

Free as the *Reviewers* have been declared and will be demonſtrated, from every *human ſpark*, or *glimpſe divine*, ſome have admired the uniformity with which the ſpirit of this tribunal has been ſo long ſupported, and others the unanimity which has ever pronounced its decrees. But ſuch admiration will ceaſe if we conſider that, though the cunning Court can no more be ſuſpected of extended policy than of brotherly love, the ſame ſpirit might well perſevere in the agents a few years, which has actuated their animaters ſince before the Creation; and the ſame principle muſt have linkt the members together, which once linkt the kindred ſouls of *Pilate* and *Herod*, who had before been at enmity between themſelves. Well might *Milton* then from the conduct of his heroes cry ſhame upon that of mankind!

O ſhame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds: men only diſagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace; and God proclaiming peace;
Yet live in hatred, enmity and ſtrife
Among themſelves, and levy cruel wars,
Waſting the earth, each other to deſtroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not helliſh foes anow beſides,
That day and night for his deſtruction wait.

The conſtancy and union of the Inquiſitors thus accounted for, their ſteady war with author-kind proving the neceſſary cauſe of their hanging together, no wonder if wit and taſte beam through every page of their deciſions, and if like candor is everywhere evidenced to Religion and Virtue, to Learning and Ingenuity.

Their depth in divinity, and candor for the *Holy Court*, which appears upon earth their only model, ſhall firſt be exhibited in

Monthly Review for *April* 1756. Vol. XIV. p. 362.

A pathetic Diſcourſe on the preſent Calamities of Portugal. Addreſſed to his Countrymen, and in particular to his Moſt Faithful Majeſty, Joſeph. King of Portugal, by the Chevalier de Oliveyra *. Tranſlated from the French. 4to. 1s. Baldwin.

This Diſcourſe is, indeed, extreamly pathetic, nervous, and full of religious zeal, and true Chriſtian piety. In the firſt part of it, which is particularly addreſſed to the King, the Author endeavours to convince his Majeſty of that groſs idolatry which has crept into the church of Portugal. 'Yes, 'Sir, ſays the Author, I muſt ſay, that the manner in which

* We are informed, in a note to the 19th page, that the Author was born at Liſbon, the 21ſt of May, 1702.

'God is addreſſed in Portugal, is preciſely that which he the 'moſt deteſts: it is a manner replete with ſuperſtition and 'idolatry, for which he has in all times ſeverely chaſtiſed 'thoſe who have followed ſuch methods; to the violation of 'the moſt evident and preciſe of his holy laws.' He then proceeds to prove his aſſertion from ſcripture, compared with the religion of Portugal, which he demonſtrates to be in no wiſe different from that of the Heathens. In the latter part of his diſcourſe, he ſpeaks particularly of the Inquiſition, and makes uſe of many arguments to open the eyes of the King, and perſuade him to aboliſh it for ever. He adviſes his Majeſty to invite Doctors from France and Germany, and after hearing their opinions, to determine as he ſhall find moſt reaſonable. He believes the late calamities which have befallen Liſbon to have been deſigned by the Almighty, as a puniſhment for the idolatry of its inhabitants, and the inhuman proceedings of the *holy court.*'

If poor *Portugal* ſuffered thus juſtly, what has *Britain* not to fear, who ſo unchriſtianly ſent, on the firſt news of the calamity, bread to ſuſtain the remnant of the idolatrous people; and has ſince diſpatched an army to ſave them from the jaws of thoſe who were ready to *eat them up, as if they would eat bread, and* yet *called* no more than they *upon the Lord?* and how much deeper has the britiſh Inquiſition as well as the *pathetic, nervous, religiouſly-zealous,* and *chriſtianly-pious* preacher, penetrated the unſearchable counſels of God, than either the britiſh Senate thus unwarrantably apt to ſuccor its allies, or even than the Author of Chriſtianity himſelf, of whom St. Luke (xiii. 1.) records the following expoſtulations?

There were preſent at that ſeaſon, ſome that told him of the Galileans, whoſe blood Pilate had mingled with their ſacrifices.

And Jeſus anſwering ſaid unto them: Suppoſe ye that thoſe Galileans were ſinners above all the Galileans, becauſe they ſuffered ſuch things?

I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye ſhall all likewiſe periſh.

Or thoſe eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and ſlew them, think ye that they were ſinners above all men that dwelt in Jeruſalem?

I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye ſhall all likewiſe periſh.

THE zeal of this court for ſcriptural religion, and yet its purity from prepoſſeſſion in favor of ancient opinions or eſtabliſhed faith—of churchmen or churches, eſpecially that of *England* and her *Liturgy*; its freedom, in ſhort, from religious cowardiſe of any kind will abundantly appear in the *review* of another ſermon no leſs extraordinary than the former, but which could hardly fail of equal encomiums from the *Holy Office*, whether for the principles

principles it modeſtly preaches, or for the honor it has to be publiſhed at the *Dunciad*, by the Editor of the *Monthly Review*.

Monthly Review for *April* 1756. Vol. XIV. p. 356.

Diana great at Epheſus; or, the Proteſtant turned Papiſt. A Sermon preached Nov. 5. 1755. *being the anniverſary of the ever memorable revolution*, 1688. *Dedicated to the Right Rev. Robert Lord Biſhop of Clogher. By* Taoalttbob. 8vo. 1s. Griffiths.

WHERE this Sermon was preached; whether publiſhed at the requeſt of the congregation, or not; whether the Author be a dignified or an undignified clergyman; or indeed whether he is one of the prieſtly order or not, are queſtions we cannot reſolve: this we know, that the ſermon is no *prieſtly* ſermon; that the Author, whoever he is, ſeems to be of no party but that of Truth, and that he delivers his ſentiments with an openneſs and freedom, becoming a friend to truth, and a conſiſtent proteſtant.

The principal deſign of his diſcourſe is to ſhew, that a ſuperſtitious regard for antient opinions, and an eſtabliſhed faith, has, in all ages, and places, been unfavourable to the ſpread of truth. This obſervation, he thinks, is plainly ſuggeſted by the words of his text, Acts xix. 34. *Great is Diana of the Epheſians*; in diſcourſing upon which he enquires, 1ſt. whence it is that mankind are thus attached to the religious eſtabliſhments of the ſeveral countries where they live; and ſhews, 2dly, that to a ſuperſtitious veneration of this kind, the intereſts of truth and liberty have generally been ſacrificed.

The attachment of mankind to religious eſtabliſhments has been owing, in general, he obſerves, partly to their ignorance, partly to the ſuppoſed antiquity of prevailing opinions, and partly to the encouragement which ſome of thoſe eſtabliſhments give to their ſenſual paſſions. The religious inſtitutions of Paganiſm were ſo looſe and licentious, that it is not to be wondered at, he ſays, if the majority give into them: as little is it to be wondered at, that Popery covers ſo great a part of the world, when we conſider the ſmall account that is made of *moral character*, by thoſe who profeſs it, and when one is ſure of being dubb'd ſaint on earth, and canonized after he has left it, only by keeping upon good terms with thoſe that keep the keys of the kingdom of Heaven.

What chiefly attaches men to eſtabliſhed principles, he thinks, is the opinion of their antiquity, that they have been the principles of their anceſtors from remote ages, in the belief of which they lived and died. To deviate in the leaſt from theſe, much more to cenſure and condemn them, beſpeaks, in their opinion, a degree of inhumanity they would not be thought guilty of;

ſo

ſo that the ſame paſſion that inclines them to reverence the memory of their forefathers, and to hope well concerning their everlaſting ſtate, inclines them alſo to think favourably of their religious ſentiments and opinions.

In ſpeaking to his ſecond general head, he obſerves, that the cry that was raiſed at Epheſus, has been the cry in every ſucceſſive period of the world, when either innovations in religion were apprehended, or a new and better light attempted to be ſtruck out;—that a ſuperſtitious regard to antient opinions made the Reformation ſo difficult a work at firſt, and ſtill prevents its being carried to a greater degree of perfection;—that a political church may be in danger, or rather never is out of danger, but that the church of Chriſt never was, never can be in danger;—and that under the ſeveral periods of the Reformation, it has always been found inconvenient to diſſent from the eſtabliſhed faith. He makes ſeveral pertinent obſervations on the conduct of Proteſtants of all denominations, and points out the inconſiſtency of their actions with their principles. In ſettling the new way of worſhip at the Reformation, no greater regard, he thinks, was had to the old one, than the *then* ſituation of affairs rendered highly expedient, if not neceſſary; but it reflects no great honour, he thinks, either on the Reformation, or its avowed defenders, that after the people were reconciled to the Proteſtant Religion, no care was taken to reform our Liturgy, and give it at leaſt more of a Proteſtant air. 'Two hundred 'years,' ſays he, 'are now elapſed, ſince that good work was 'begun, and yet the Common-prayer is the ſame *miſhapen, de-* '*formed, unfiniſhed* creature *now*, that it was *then*.'

Our Author obſerves further on this head, that an intolerant ſpirit has been too much the characteriſtic of all the Proteſtant churches in the world, whether eſtabliſhed in North or South Britain, on this ſide the ſea, or beyond it; that DIANA, wherever ſhe is, loves to reign alone, and monopolize Heaven and Earth; that ſuch an eſtabliſhment as we live under, can only defend us from men of worth and probity; only keep out thoſe that dare not ſin againſt their own ſouls: and that all others may enter in, oaths and ſubſcriptions to the contrary notwithſtanding. He is not, however, againſt eſtabliſhments in general; what he pleads for, and what every conſiſtent Proteſtant, indeed, ought to plead for, is, that a PROTESTANT CHURCH ought to be eſtabliſhed upon PROTESTANT PRINCIPLES. 'The liberty wherewith Chriſt has made us free,' ſays he' 'is what I contend for, in oppoſition to human ſchemes of 'faith, and the impoſition of thoſe ſchemes.—I never was an 'advocate for the religion of MEN. I hope to live and die one 'for the religion of CHRIST.'

After thus freely delivering his ſentiments of our eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment, he proceeds, with equal freedom, to give us alſo his

his ſentiments of the Diſſenters; who ſeem to regard the principles of the Reformation, he ſays, as little as we do, and ſhould therefore be a little more modeſt in their cenſures of our church than they uſually are. He obſerves, that tho' they acknowlege no maſter in religious matters, but one in Heaven, and look upon Chriſt, and him only, as the Lord of conſcience, yet there are no greater bigots under Heaven, to human creeds and ſchemes of faith, than they are; and that the ſyſtem of faith hammered out at Weſtminſter, has been, and ſtill is, their idol, as much as ever Diana was that of the Epheſians. In what he ſays on this head, however, he does not intend to include the whole body of the Diſſenters, but only the majority of them. He concludes this his ſecond diviſion with obſerving, that tho' the doctrine of perſecution is diſclaimed by each party among us in *words*, yet in *fact*, no party can plead *not guilty*; and that tho' all denominations look upon popery with an evil eye, all of them ſeem leavened with its principles, and retain more or leſs of its perſecuting ſpirit.

By way of improvement, he exhorts us to ſet a juſt value upon ſcriptural religion, and not to be diſcouraged in our ſearch after it, with the imputation of Arianiſm, Socinianiſm, Arminianiſm, or any other ISM; which are only religious bugbears, calculated to ſerve ſome worldly end, and of which ſpiritual tyranny generally avails herſelf. He exhorts us likewiſe to ſet a juſt value upon the government we live under; not to abuſe the liberty we enjoy, either to the purpoſes of religious tyranny, or licentiouſneſs; and having ſhewn a laudable concern for the true intereſt of the Chriſtian church, and ſpoken the language of a loyal ſubject to the ſupreme Lord of it, he concludes with ſome warm expreſſions of loyalty to our only rightful ſovereign King GEORGE, and with prayers for the long continuance of his reign; in which all his ſubjects, as in duty and gratitude bound, will, we hope, heartily join.

In this candid and maſterly account, where the *perfect judges* ſeem indeed

——to have read the *work of wit*
With the ſame ſpirit that its Author writ.

We are kindly informed——

——That *it is no* prieſtly *ſermon*:——that *the Author ſeems of no party, but that of Truth*, and ſpeaks the language of a *conſiſtent Proteſtant*:——that unfavorably for the *ſpread* of truth, mankind *are* attached to *antient* opinions, and religious eſtabliſhments, from four *different* cauſes: *ignorance*, *the ſuppoſed antiquity of prevailing opinions*, ſenſuality, and even policy, *when* one *is ſure of being dubb'd ſaint on earth, and canonized after* he *has left it.*

——That

——That men will not deviate from the principles of their anceſtors, for fear of the imputation of——*inhumanity!*——that the Diſſenters of *England* are as much idolaters as were the *Epheſians*, by making *the faith hammered out at* Weſtminſter, as much their idol, as did the others their great goddeſs.——That *the church of Chriſt never was, never can be in danger*; that is, doubtleſs, while ſhe boaſts a champion who thus demonſtrates the weak apprehenſion of him that told Timothy:

(1 Tim. iii. 1.) *Now the Spirit ſpeaketh expreſly, that in the latter times ſome ſhall depart from the faith, giving heed to ſeducing ſpirits, and doctrines of devils*;

if not perhaps (with reverence be it ſpoken!) the unneceſſary cautions of him who ſaid to his diſciples:

(St. Matth. vii. 15.) *Beware of falſe prophets, which come to you in ſheeps clothing; but inwardly they are ravening wolves.*

And again

(xxiv. 4.) *Take heed that no man deceive you:*

(5) *For many ſhall come in my name, ſaying, I am Chriſt, and ſhall deceive many.*

(12) *And becauſe iniquity ſhall abound, the love of many ſhall wax cold.*

The ſame divine mouth gives indeed the comfortable aſſurance on which every chriſtian may well rely, that

(x. 22.) *He who endureth to the end, ſhall be ſaved*;

and that his church is founded on a rock, nor ſhall (xvi. 18.) *the gates of Hell* ever *prevail againſt it.*

All therefore the preacher here can mean is, that——

Men need give themſelves no trouble about the Church: for either, according to the proverb,

Naught *is never in danger,*

or

Chriſt will take care of himſelf.

Among the ſeveral *pertinent obſervations* of the *conſiſtent Proteſtant*, we learn, to the ſhame of predeceſſor-reformers, that *After the people were reconciled to the proteſtant religion, no care was taken to reform our Liturgy, and give it at leaſt more of a* Proteſtant air.

What this *proteſtant air* is, we are not indeed taught; but may eaſily gather what it is not:

——that it has nothing of any faith or form yet eſtabliſhed, whatever caſt it may have of ſome *religious bugbears:*

——that conſequently it excludes every feature of that Popery which *covers ſo great a part of the world:*

——yet that it borrows no more from ſcripture than from chriſti-

anity, the Engliſh Liturgy being the quinteſſence of both: ——that being the reverſe of the air of that liturgy, it is neceſſarily the reverſe of every thing beautiful or ſublime.

Whence we may certainly infer, that the Liturgy wanted is a *creature*, which the pious, learned and ingenious *Taoalthob*, would *ſhape*, *reform*, and *finiſh* upon perhaps the very model of certain late *Diſquiſitors*, who having, to the equal regret of Religion and Learning, ſuddenly diſappeared along with their *Diſquiſitions*, were neither ſwallowed up like *Korah*, nor like Dr. *Fauſtus*; but made an eaſy tranſmigration, with little change of name, and with none of identity, into the *Inquiſitors* of the MONTHLY REVIEW.

But to proceed——

While *all the proteſtant churches in the world ſeem leavened with the ſpirit of popery*; while Proteſtantiſm and Popery are equally *intolerant* of all principles reſpectively but their own, our candid Author, or rather Authors, who *ſet* ſuch *a value upon ſcriptural religion*, and *ſhow ſo laudable a concern for the true intereſt of the chriſtian church*, can, undaunted by *bugbears*, and uncramped by creeds, tolerate any principles whatever beſide thoſe of the two *ſpiritual tyrannies* juſt mentioned; and may well plead *not guilty* of perſecuting any——but thoſe from whom they have the honor to diſſent, or who have the audaciouſneſs to appear unpermitted within the verge of the Inquiſition.

But enemies as they own themſelves to every particular eſtabliſhment of Religion, they are *not*, *however*, *againſt eſtabliſhments in general*. Nor is our Author happier in the *open* delivery of his own *free* ſentiments, than in the perſpicuity of his commentators, who explain his meaning as if they underſtood it almoſt as well as himſelf. *What he pleads for*, *and what every conſiſtent Proteſtant*, *indeed*, *ought to plead for*, *is that a* Proteſtant Church *ought to be eſtabliſhed upon* Proteſtant Principles.

What both he and they plead for is only *the religion of Chriſt*, ſuch as never was eſtabliſhed by man; a fair *creature*, like the Liturgy they want, of their own *ſhaping*——a ſomething which ſhall ſtill enſure to them the title of *Proteſtant Diſſenters*, its only viſible eſſential being the power to *diſſent* and *proteſt* ——a ſomething which excludes no *iſm* but *Chriſtianiſm*, nor any ſenſe but common-ſenſe——a ſomething in ſhort which, ſince *the* religious *eſtabliſhment we live under*, *can only defend us from men of* ſuch *worth and probity*, muſt embrace all *ſuch*, and ſuch only; and ſo boaſt members equally loyal to King JESUS, and King GEORGE.

THAT ſuch are indeed the members of the *Monthly Review* has by this time pretty plainly appeared, but will appear more plainly in the ſequel. Their loyalty to the former beams ſtill brighter in a little article which may ſerve for an explanatory

note

note upon the *iſms*; and will ſufficiently indicate the favorite *iſm*, where perhaps a mean attack (mean at leaſt, like this Eſſay, in its immediate object) excited ſo *honeſt* a warmth in the ſpirits of the Inquiſition.

Monthly Review for *April* 1754. Vol. X. p. 314.

Arianiſm founded on ſpiritual blindneſs; or, ſubſcribing *Arians*, heretics in principle, and atheiſts in practice. In a dialogue between a gentleman and the miniſter of his pariſh. 8vo. 4d. *Oliver*.

'The author ſhews a wondrous zeal againſt perſons with whoſe peculiar diſtinguiſhing principles he is very little acquainted. His knowledge of the ſubject on which he profeſſedly treats, is very ſlender and ſuperficial; and while he charges thoſe he diſlikes with ſpiritual blindneſs, allowing them a good ſhare of what he calls *outward knowledge*, he renders himſelf the object of pity and contempt, for the rude and ſcurrilous invectives which he profuſely ſcatters, without regard to truth or decency.'

All this may be true: but, as neither plan nor ſpecimen of the performance is given, nor any refutation offered beſides *invective*, which, as it indeed generally is, ſeems here to have been remarkably contagious; there is danger leſt ſome readers of the criticiſm ſhould cenſure the Author (who appears to deſerve it) for allowing *outward* more than inward *knowlege* to the ſect he attacks; but demur a little at a ſentence, where they know not the merits of the cauſe, and where the judges ſpeak paſſion inſtead of argument; leſt the ſaid readers ſhould therefore transfer the compliments of *pity* and *contempt*, from objects they ſee not, to thoſe they ſee, highly worthy; though they ſhould allow the learned as well as orthodox Inquiſitors the honor of diſcovering that *rude and ſcurrilous invectives* may be *profuſely ſcattered, without regard to truth or decency*.

Nor can any thing more completely evince the conſtant regard of the candid Inquiſitors for revealed Religion, or their fellow-feeling with brethren who ſuffer for righteouſneſs' ſake, than the note of the laſt page of *Monthly Review* for *February* 1763, being the 168th of the 28th volume.

'*** The Letter ſigned *a Conſiſtent Proteſtant*, earneſtly expatiating on the ſevere treatment Mr. A. has met with, for writing againſt the Pentateuch, cannot be inſerted in the Review. We diſapprove all ſuch proſecutions as much as our worthy Correſpondent does; but we think he expreſſes his abhorrence of them too ſtrongly for the preſent Times. We highly eſteem the honeſt warmth and benevolence of his diſ-

poſition; and therefore we cordially adviſe him to be very cautious what criticiſms be may *publicly* offer, on this delicate ſubject, as he may poſſibly be reviewed by a too powerful Hypercritic.——His Letter is left with our Publiſher, and will be re-delivered to the perſon who brought it.'

This *Conſiſtent Proteſtant*, who is probably no other than the former, could not but brook with indignation as well as condolence, that a poor brother ſhould, in a country which boaſts ſuch toleration of conſcience and ſuch liberty of the preſs, have been doomed to the public ignominy, even of a malefactor, merely *for writing againſt the Pentateuch*, that code of obſolete ſtatutes which have ſo long crampt human liberty, and which honeſt Mr. A., the *Conſiſtent Proteſtant*, and the *Monthly Reviewers*, could never forgive the chriſtian Lawgiver for coming to fulfil. Certain it is they are all of a mind. The *Conſiſtent Proteſtant*, who, if not the identical *Taoalttbob*, may be Mr. A. himſelf, or poſſibly both, had in theſe perſecuting days, placed the forlorn hope of his meritorious cauſe in the ſympathy at leaſt, if not the ſuccor of the friendly Inquiſition. Of the former, as we ſee, he might be well aſſured: of the latter, alas! the good *Reviewers* can now miniſter little, beyond the aſſurance how *highly* they eſteem the *honeſt warmth and benevolence* of their *worthy Correſpondent*; equally as they are concerned with himſelf to *diſapprove* any *proſecution* of blaſphemy againſt a divine Legiſlator. Nor can they but *therefore cordially adviſe him to be very cautious what criticiſms he may* publicly *offer on this* delicate *ſubject*, *as he may poſſibly be* reviewed *by a* too powerful *Hypercritic*. The two ſacred Legiſlators being inſeparable in the divine economy, to both muſt this ſanctified ſociety ſtand alike affected. Could ſuch critics once get abrogated *the law* that *came by Moſes*, their advances would prove eaſier againſt *the grace and truth* which *came* by *Jeſus Chriſt*.

After theſe ſpecimens of the verdicts of the *Monthly Reviewers* upon religious ſubjects, two examples will evince that their political ſkill and equity are nothing inferior to their eccleſiaſtical; that they think with like freedom at all times, and pronounce with like juſtice on all occaſions; and that their reverence for their God and his Church is exceeded only (if poſſible) by their regard for their King and their Country.

If whoever preſume to attack certain favorite *iſms*, may well be named *rude* and *ſcurrilous* railers, the favorers of thoſe *iſms* cannot, we ſee, be equally branded. If therefore the *Reviewers* are void of offence towards God, they are indeed no leſs ſo towards men; even towards the direct anceſtor of the preſent Royal Family, upon whoſe character though ſome wanton

wanton wits have loſt themſelves, the grave Inquiſitors have decided with that *truth* and *decency* which have conſtantly diſtinguiſhed the ſage Tribunal.

Monthly Review for *April* 1754. Vol. X. p. 300.

An hiſtorical and critical account of the life and writings of James *the firſt, king of* Great Britain; *after the manner of mr.* Bayle, *drawn from original writers and ſtate papers. By* William Harris. 8vo. 4s. Waugh.

THE author of this piece ſome time ſince publiſhed an hiſtorical and critical account of *Hugh Peters*, after the manner of mr. *Bayle**. In the performance now before us, his deſign is to give a fuller and more diſtinct view of the character of king *James* I. than has ever yet been exhibited by any writer: a character that, from a variety of incidental obſervations interſperſed throughout the work, as well as expreſs aſſertions, appears to be the object of our critical hiſtorian's moſt hearty contempt. He freely acknowledges in the preface, 'that the character is in itſelf, a very mean and deſpicable ſubject; but as it was attended with very extenſive and important conſequences, both in his and the ſucceeding reigns, ſo it is humbly preſumed, that an attempt to illuſtrate that period of *Engliſh* hiſtory, which falls within the plan of this ſubject, will meet with a favourable acceptance from the public.'

He alſo intimates, that there are inſerted in theſe papers 'a great variety of curious and intereſting facts, entirely omitted by our hiſtorians, who ſeem to have very little conſulted thoſe original writers, and ſtate-papers, from whence the following account is chiefly compiled.'

In the courſe of this work, as our author juſtly hints in his own behalf, the reader will find many critical and political reflections, for the freedom of which he does not think it neceſſary to make any apology; declaring, that they were not made for the ſake of pleaſing or diſpleaſing any ſect or party in church or ſtate; but wholly intended to ſerve the cauſe of liberty and truth. As he profeſſes himſelf inviolably attached to the civil and religious liberties of mankind, he hopes that the reader will indulge him in that warmth of reſentment, that honeſt indignation, which is naturally raiſed by every inſtance of perſecution, tyranny, and oppreſſion; provided he has not any where expreſſed himſelf in a manner unworthy the character of a gentleman, or a *Chriſtian*. He likewiſe remarks, that as the authorities here quoted are the moſt authentic in themſelves, ſo the manner of quoting them is the moſt unexceptionable and juſt; that is, in the

* See *Review* for *April* 1751. Vol. IV. p. 479.

very words, letters, and points of the reſpective author; by which the reader may be infallibly certain, that their ſenſe is rightly repreſented.

Upon a careful examination of this hiſtorical account, the critical and impartial reader will find very agreeable entertainment. It ſeems to be the reſult of cloſe attention, and ſolid judgment; and the author, who breathes a laudable ſpirit in favour of the excellent conſtitution and liberties of *Great Britain*, will, we apprehend, meet with the countenance and encouragement he juſtly deſerves.

Our author has given the public demonſtrative proofs of his capacity for the work he hath engaged in; having not only approved himſelf induſtrious and indefatigable in collecting from voluminous writings a great variety of proper materials, fitted to elucidate his ſubject, but hath alſo exerted a judicious care in ſelecting them, as well as maintained regularity, connection, and order, in digeſting and arranging them.

In repreſenting ſome things relating to the execution of *Mary Stuart*, the dowager queen of *Scotland*, he has indeed ſome reflections which have not that juſtneſs and accuracy, by which the other parts of his work are diſtinguiſhed. 'Before 'I take my leave of this affair,' ſays he, 'I will obſerve, that 'from the proceedings againſt *Mary*, it appears, that the 'queen and her parliament had no notion of ſuch a ſacred-'neſs in the perſons of princes, as to render them unaccount-'able to any earthly tribunal. For here is a ſovereign prin-'ceſs, tried, condemned, and executed, with the approba-'tion, yea, in purſuance of the requeſt of the parliament; 'and though *Elizabeth*, to ſave appearances, feigned ſorrow 'and indignation at the execution, yet no one has been ſo 'hardy as to put into her mouth a ſentence tending to con-'demn the lawfulneſs of it. For ſhe was too wiſe and un-'derſtanding to have done it; nor could any one, who knew 'her character, ſuppoſe her capable of it. This doctrine was 'left to her ſucceſſor, who had weakneſs enough to declare 'expreſly, "that kings were accountable to God only*." 'A doctrine big with miſchief, and fit for nothing but to 'make tyrants.' When our author calls *Mary* a ſovereign princeſs, he did not reflect, that ſhe had, almoſt twenty years before this cataſtrophe, been deprived of all ſovereign authority, and reſigned in favour of her ſon; and that in *England* ſhe had never poſſeſſed any kind of ſupreme dominion, but only ſuſtained the character of a ſubject to queen *Elizabeth*; under whoſe government ſhe had enjoyed a ſecure retreat and protection from the attempts of her enemies, and to whom ſhe owed the duties of fidelity and ſubjection.

* King *James*'s works, p. 529.

In

In the appendix we have a diſtinct account of the books which were publiſhed on occaſion of king *James's Triplici nodo triplex cuneus*, printed at firſt without his name: this account was communicated to the author by the rev. dr. *Birch*, ſecretary to the royal ſociety.'

Among the various obſervations which a running reader muſt make upon every period as well as paragraph of this article, it may here be proper to hint a demur which ſome odd critics have made at one remark apparently unexceptionable; but to which, ſay they, certain exceptions may even in the Candid Court's quotations be found.

" He likewiſe remarks, that as the authorities here quoted are the moſt authentic in themſelves, ſo the *manner* of *quoting* them is the moſt unexceptionable and juſt; that is, in the very words, letters, and points of the reſpective author; by which the reader may be infallibly certain, that their ſenſe is rightly repreſented."

This ſpecious remark may paſs with the generality even of critics, hitherto ſtrangers to the *art of quotation:* but the knowing know, that in the new and true way of quoting, not to ſay a ſentiment familiar or ſublime, which may ſometimes admit, at whatever riſk, a total change of dreſs, but any ſentence of proſe or verſe may be fairly exhibited without retaining either the *words*, the *letters*, or the *points* of the reſpective author: as will from the *Standard* of *Criticiſm* itſelf by and by be diſplayed.

Mean time if the public is ſo highly obliged to the indefatigable author for the *demonſtrative proofs* he has given it of his *capacity* and *judgement*; and if the *critical* and *impartial reader will* there *find* ſo *agreeable entertainment*, much more are we endebted to the ſtill more capable and judicious, more critical and impartial Inquiſitors, who have ſhown even this *accurate* writer *inaccurate*, when he ſo far departed from his wonted preciſion, as to call *Mary a ſovereign princeſs*. Even *he did not reflect*, far leſs could any other than *inſpired penmen* reflect—— that *Mary* had *reſigned in favour of her ſon*——that *ſhe only ſuſtained the character of a ſubject to queen Elizabeth*——that *under* the *government* of the latter *ſhe had enjoyed a ſecure retreat and protection from the attempts of her enemies*, or that *ſhe owed her ſiſter of England the duties of fidelity and ſubjection.*

But well might a Scottiſh Queen be proved ſubject to an Engliſh Queen, who put her to death for not being in any reſpect her inferior, where now the Sovereign of both England and Scotland is demonſtrated the ſubject of his ſubjects; nor of theſe collectively, but of each individual.

That this may ſoon appear beyond any controverſy, the ſame deſign which has exhibited ſo worthy objects of critical praiſe, comes now to contraſt ſome no leſs juſt objects of judicial ſeverity, that in both the genius, judgement and equity of this matchleſs Tribunal may beam forth in one view of collective glory.

Such is the uniformity of a work in its fourteenth year and eight-and-twentieth volume, that any two oppoſite ſpecimens might characteriſe the reſt: it being much alike therefore from what volumes or articles the ſentences of fame or infamy be taken, the latter like the former ſhall be quoted as they come. And firſt, what can more deſerve inquiſitorial damnation than the following deteſtable book? if we may, as we doubtleſs muſt, judge of it by the regular trial and equitable verdict of the *Monthly Review* for *February* 1763, commencing page 114 of the 28th volume.

Chronological Annals of the War; from its Beginning to the preſent Times. In two Parts. Part I. *Containing from April* 2, 1755, *to the End of* 1760. *Part* II. *from the Beginning of* 1761, *to the Signing of the Preliminaries of the Peace. With an introductory Preface to each Part, a Concluſion, and a general Index of the Whole.* By Mr. Dobſon. 8vo. 5s. Printed at the Clarendon Preſs, Oxford, and ſold by Dodſley, &c. in London.

THE public are here preſented with a chronological detail of the moſt remarkable occurrences of the War; as a proper introduction to which, the Annaliſt gives a general repreſentation of the ſtate of the belligerant Powers at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; proceeding to thoſe later circumſtances which gave riſe to the War between the King of Pruſſia and the Empreſs-Queen, in Germany; and between England and France, in America. In doing this, he enters into a pretty full inveſtigation of the reſpective claims, of the houſes of Brandenburg and Auſtria, to the diſputed dutchies in Sileſia.

In his introduction to the ſecond part of the work, Mr. Dobſon gives a conciſe narrative of the negociations entered into with France in the year 1761; expatiating on the political effects of the famous Family Compact, and on the circumſtances of our rupture with Spain. He dwells ſtill more particularly on the infamous breach of the Spaniards with Portugal, and takes a curſory notice of the cataſtrophe of Peter the third of Ruſſia.

In his concluſion, our Annaliſt hath thrown together a number of miſcellaneous obſervations, tending to give the Reader an idea of the preſent political ſtate of Europe, and particularly of this nation, which he repreſents as having been in the moſt imminent danger of being totally ruined by the war, and as providentially ſnatched from the jaws of deſtruction by the peace. To theſe obſervations he hath added a recapitulation of the

the principal articles of the Preliminaries, comparing them (we think, a little invidiouſly) with thoſe propoſed to the French in the former negociation. It is, indeed, the evident deſign of the Annaliſt, whenever he ſpeaks of this ſubject, to extol the merits of the preſent Adminiſtration, at the expence of the laſt; his very encomiums on a late popular Miniſter being couched in terms ſo equivocal, and expreſſive of ſuch a coldneſs of approbation, that if they do not really conceal, they ſeem near akin to, actual ſatire. "I deſire to be ranked, ſays he, in the number of thoſe who *reſpect* a late adminiſtration. I confeſs with pleaſure, that *we were* awakened from a lethargy of deſpair; that a new life animated our meaſures, to the amazement of ourſelves, and the confuſion of our enemies; that the Gentleman who *took the lead* at this critical ſeaſon, formed and executed his deſigns *with the ſame ſpirit*; that he was neither ſtartled at difficulties, nor *intimidated by expence*; that during the entire continuance of his activity, *ſucceſs attended, like an obedient handmaid*, upon his *vigorous* councils: to him, therefore, I may addreſs myſelf with propriety, in the words of a Panegyriſt, *Initium laboris mirer, an finem? Multum eſt quod perſeveraſti; plus tamen, quod non timuiſti ne perſeverare non poſſes.*" If this be not to *damn with faint praiſe*, it is ſurely ſomething worſe.

But, admitting the terms of peace to be as advantageous, and the preſent adminiſtration as worthy of national confidence as this Writer would repreſent them, we think he hath gone unwarrantable lengths in condemning the conduct of thoſe who, being deeply intereſted, may have expreſſed themſelves warmly on theſe important occaſions. His remarks on the Liberty of the Preſs, ſpecious as their appearance may be at firſt ſight, are big with the moſt pernicious inſinuations. Nay, we will venture to declare it, as our opinion, that the propagation of ſuch ſlaviſh and unconſtitutional principles, as this Writer inculcates, would ſoon be more fatal to Britons than the worſt peace they could make with their profeſſed enemies, or the moſt flagrant errors of their pretended friends. The blunders of a bad Miniſter may poſſibly be repaired, and the ill effects of a bad peace remedied by time and induſtry; but when a people ſhall have once imbibed notions deſtructive to their natural freedom; when they ſhall have exchanged their boaſted principles of liberty and independence, for thoſe of paſſive obedience and ſervitude, though they may be too abject and inſenſible to gall under the yoke of domeſtic ſlavery, it will be eaſy for a powerful and inveterate enemy, to ſtrip them of their boaſted trophies, and envied poſſeſſions, at pleaſure. The ſame ſpirit only which makes them tenacious of their privileges, and jealous of encroachments at home, can inſpire them to aſſert their rights, and vindicate their honour, abroad. Hence, if Britain be in happier circumſtances than many other nations, it is primarily owing

ing to the conſtitutional ſpirit of freedom in its natives; a freedom which our anceſtors purchaſed with their blood, and therefore ought to be preſerved at the expence of ours, and tranſmitted to our poſterity. It is not, however, the mere uſe of the term, or the cry of liberty, that will preſerve a people free. Hiſtory abounds with inſtances of deluded nations loſing the ſubſtance in graſping at the ſhadow; of people that have been forging their own chains with the cry of liberty in their mouths. Thus our Author, as a prelude to what follows, tells us, "Britons are free in the nobleſt ſenſe of the word." He yet thinks it a moſt heinous crime, that they ſhould ſeem alarmed, and expreſs themſelves with impatience for the conſequences of a negociation in which they had ſo much at ſtake.

Our Annaliſt allows, indeed, that "it is one of the cleareſt and moſt indiſputable principles of liberty, That the *governed* have a right to interpoſe their opinion upon every ſubject of national importance." Yes, Sir, it is the privilege, it is the birth-right of Britons to ſpeak freely; and that not only to ſpeak, but to make themſelves heard too. But, continues this plauſible Writer, "the more important the ſubject is, the greater ought to be the decency and candour with which it is debated. A ſober appeal to the reaſon of the people, will always be attended to with pleaſure, and often with conviction: but an inflammatory addreſs to their weakneſſes, or their prejudices, is nothing better than a *libel* upon Freedom itſelf." True, Mr. Dobſon, and for the very ſame reaſon, an artful, inſidious addreſs, delivered under the maſk of a ſober appeal, may be ſtill more pernicious and deſtructive. Zeal may be bold, may be inſolent, but it is generally honeſt; at leaſt it is more eaſily ſeen through, than the jeſuitical inſinuations of affected candour and moderation. Nay, there have been times and occaſions on which men of our Author's principles have declared, that real moderation could not be a virtue; and yet how candid and moderate on a ſudden!

Hear him again. "I could almoſt venture to aſk my countrymen, in their cooler and more diſpaſſionate moments, if the popular ſuſpicion and jealouſy which brake out with ſo much fury on the firſt report of the negociating of the Preliminaries did not offer violence to the acknowledged prerogative of the Crown, affront the virtues of the Prince who wears it, and proſtitute, to the purpoſes of faction, the boaſted liberty of the preſs." That the liberty of the preſs is often proſtituted to the purpoſes of faction, there can be no doubt. God forbid, however, that we ſhould be robbed of ſo ineſtimable a bleſſing, merely becauſe it is ſubject to be abuſed. What human inſtitution is not ſo? But what is faction in this Writer's ſenſe of the word? Are thoſe who diſtruſt the adminiſtration, a faction? If they are, a faction may ſometimes be truly laudable, and they

ſhould never be deprived of the liberty of addreſſing their fellow-ſubjects, when they think their country's intereſt requires it. In regard alſo to the particular effects of that popular ſuſpicion and jealouſy, which this Writer thinks ſo highly culpable, we muſt confeſs that, conſidering the importance of the negociation, and the unpopular circumſtances attending it, we ſhould not have been ſurprized at much greater inſtances of national diſcontent: and, ſo far are we from thinking, that the moſt furious opponent to ſuch meaſures, had any intention of violating the prerogative of the Crown, or affronting the virtues of the Prince who wears it, that we are well aſſured, on the contrary, nothing but the reſpect voluntarily paid to that prerogative, and thoſe virtues, prevented more violent clamours. We would by no means be thought to vindicate, in the ſmalleſt degree, the virulence and indecency of every ſcribbler, whoſe writings may defile the preſs; but ſurely ſome diſtinction ſhould be made between the want of decency and the want of loyalty, between mere ill-manners and high-treaſon. It would be unjuſt as cruel to have a man's tongue cut out, merely becauſe it is too big for his mouth, and makes him apt, when in a paſſion, to ſputter a little. Indeed, there is a wide difference between that order and decorum which ought to be maintained in every well-governed State, and that ſlaviſh ſubmiſſion which this Writer ſeems to deduce from the old leaven of Paſſive Obedience and Non-reſiſtance.

His method of proving the crime, and aggravating the guilt, of attacking the conduct of Miniſters, is ſomething curious. "If we are ready, ſays he, to admire the military perfections of Rome; we are not leſs ſo, to boaſt of her laws and of her liberty. But by one of the laws of the twelve tables, a capital puniſhment was enacted againſt the publiſhers of defamatory compoſitions: it is contained in few words: *Si quis carmen, quod alteri flagitium faxit, capital eſto.* Cicero declares his full approbation of this law, and our own laws are particularly tender of every man's reputation: the reaſon is ſenſible and evident: the character of a man is his property; and it is the nobleſt he can poſſibly acquire: a Jury of Engliſhmen will, in moſt caſes, conſider any great injury done to the fame, in the ſame manner as if it had been done to the fortune of another. If a fair and honeſt name is dear to the meaneſt individual, I preſume it is equally ſo to thoſe who fill a high ſtation, and are charged with affairs of government."

Now, not to object to the authority of the twelve tables, or the ſuffrage of Cicero, we ſhall only obſerve, that there is a very material difference in this reſpect between the character of a private man and that of a Miniſter of State. Private individuals are equal and independent of each other; a Miniſter, though ſuperior in rank to each, is dependent on all, being a ſervant

vant of the public, who have a right to enquire into, and judge of, his conduct. Again, the reaſon why private perſons ſhould not be defamed is clear; becauſe, if they act unjuſtifiably, the courts of law are open, and they may be readily proſecuted for their offences: but how difficult is it to bring a public Miniſter to juſtice, though he ſhould betray his country, and violate the ſacred truſt repoſed in his hands! A man, by accepting that truſt, alſo, gives up, in a great degree, his independence as an individual; if a private perſon is, therefore, to be cenſured for inſolence to his ſuperiors, how much more is a ſervant of the public to be cenſured for his inſolence to thoſe whom he ſerves! We muſt acquaint this Writer alſo, whatever opinion he may have of the *governed*, that no Governor on earth is inveſted with prerogatives for his own ſake, but for the ſake of thoſe over whom he preſides.

"What the conſtitutional liberty of the preſs *is*, ſays Mr. Dobſon, it may be difficult to ſay with preciſion: perhaps, like the privilege of the peerage, it is more ſecure by not being ſtrictly and minutely defined: and every one who wiſhes well to this liberty, (as I very cordially do) ſhould wiſh alſo, that the blaſphemy and licentiouſneſs of the preſent age, the wanton abuſe of religion and government, may not render it neceſſary for the legiſlature to *determine* its boundaries, by a clear and poſitive law." If by determining the boundaries, our Author doth not mean exterminating the exiſtence, it may be on many occaſions, however, much better to know preciſely how far the liberty of the preſs extends, than to have it left to the deciſion of a venal bench of puiſne Judges, or an over-bearing arbitrary Lord Chief-Juſtice. But how cordially our Author wiſhes well to the liberty of the preſs, may be gathered from the following paſſage, wherein he undertakes to determine what it *is not*.

The conſtitutional liberty of the preſs, ſays he, is not "the overflowing of perſonal calumny and invective; it is not the ſowing of ſedition in the hearts of the people, and the ſeducing of their affections from their native Sovereign: it is not the torturing of texts of Scripture to the moſt profane ſenſes, in equal defiance of the laws of God and man." Now, though we cannot but ſubſcribe to the literal truth of theſe affirmations; yet who is ſo blind as not to ſee through the artifice of thus linking together moral and political, civil and religious ſubjects, without dependence or connection? Who do not ſee, that for want of an infallible criterion to determine what is calumny, what ſedition, and what is the true meaning of Scripture, the moſt upright man, the moſt loyal ſubject, and the moſt ſincere Chriſtian, may incur the penalties annexed to the moſt enormous crimes? We diſmiſs this Writer, therefore, with an utter deteſtation of his principles, which, we think, are calculated,

under

under the ſpecious ſhew of juſtice and moderation, to anſwer the purpoſes only of oppreſſion and arbitrary power.'

Though nothing is by the candid Court directly pronounced againſt the firſt and ſecond parts of this work, which would therefore perhaps, unrecommended and unſpecimen'd as they are, have excited curioſity but for the *concluſion*; yet this is ſhown, by ſpecimen and argument, of ſo dangerous a tendency, that they who wiſh to preſerve their principles pure, will hardly open a volume where ſuch contagion dwells: a *concluſion* where the praiſe of one adminiſtration is as invidious, as the defence of another is unjuſt; even when ſuch defence contends for nothing but decency.

Italic demonſtration exhibits the former: his own words and the *Reviewers'* prove the latter equally.

Here indeed there ſeems danger leſt ſagacity be conſtrued into ſatyr on one hand, and cenſure into praiſe on the other; where *italics* make the diſreſpect they did not find, and where principles appear ſeriouſly refuted that never could be attacked but in irony.

His remarks on the Liberty of the Preſs, ſpecious *as their* appearance *may be* at firſt ſight, *are big with the moſt pernicious inſinuations*; and his *principles* would ſoon be more fatal to Britons than the worſt peace, even than the peace of *Paris*. For he has the boldneſs to affirm,

——'That Britons are *free* in the nobleſt ſenſe of the word:

——That the governed have a right to interpoſe their opinion upon every ſubject of national importance; but

——That the ſame liberty which allows ſuch interpoſal requires it to be made with decency and candor:

——That the late popular fury excited by the word *Preliminaries*, offered violence to the prerogative of the Crown, affronted the virtues of the Prince, and proſtituted to the purpoſes of faction, the boaſted liberty of the preſs:

——That all laws, human and divine, have held defamation capital:

——That a good name, if dear to the meaneſt individual, is (at leaſt) equally ſo to one who watches for every thing dear to multitudes of individuals; and in-fine

——That the licentiouſneſs of the preſs, like that of the people, endangers the liberty of both.'

True, Mr. *Dobſon:* All Britons are free, excepting thoſe that govern; and ſince, *ſpecious* as is your *appearance* at *firſt ſight*, you are ſo abominably ignorant, which makes you ſo perniciouſly principled, *We muſt acquaint* you,

——That the *governed* and the *governing*, in other words, the public and the miniſter (or, if you pleaſe, the ſovereign, for that is all one) ſtand in no other relation than that of *maſter*

and

and *ſervant*; nay what, *plauſible* as you are, you ſeem ſtill leſs appriſed of, that the Britiſh public is not only the people collective, but every individual, except the miniſter and the ſovereign; the public being, like the *polypus*, always entire, into whatever diminutive parts it may be ſubdivided. Cavil not therefore at our treating the *public* as a plural number; but know that the word *Critics*, *Reviewers*, *Inquiſitors* or *Governors* is underſtood. We need not then acquaint you

——That the governed have a right not only to ſpeak, but to *make themſelves heard:*

——That the indecency (if there was any) lay on the other ſide: for what maſter would not be provoked at his ſervant's preſuming to act for him, where he had ſo much at ſtake, not only without his orders, but without his knowledge?

——That conſequently, *we ſhould not have been ſurprized at much greater inſtances of national diſcontent*, and that nothing but *the reſpect voluntarily paid to that prerogative and thoſe* * *virtues* you talk of, *prevented more violent clamours:*

——That,

* It may hence ſeem uncertain whether the ſubject or the ſong have more provoked the ſpirit of the following modeſt no leſs than merry article?

Monthly Review, Feb. 1763. Vol. XXVIII. p. 162.

The Oliviad, a Poem. By Thomas Hallie De-la-Mayne, Eſq; 4to. 1s. 6d. Scott.

Thomas Hallie De-la-Mayne, Eſq; may ſtand in competition for fame with the elegant Mr. George Pooke; to whoſe poetical abilities we have frequently had the honour of bearing teſtimony.—The WAR, the PEACE, and GEORGE's † virtues, (we do not mean the virtues of George Pooke) are here celebrated, in ſtrains that even rival the ſweetneſs and ſublimity of a Chriſtmas Carol.

† *We cannot but remark what an happy effect this fine ſounding monoſyllable has in almoſt every Court Panegyric. How lucky for our poetical Diſpenſers of Virtue and Fame, that his Majeſty was not chriſtened Aminadab!*

But the ſubject certainly inſpired the following article, which with whatever humor begun, had like to end fatally for the Critic:

Monthly Review, Feb. 1763. Vol. XXVIII. p. 161.

A Poetical Wreath of Laurel and Olive. 4to. 1s. Morley.

Sings, as a body may ſay, the war, and the peace, and the heroes, and the ſhepherd-ſwains; and prudently adviſes the ſons of faction to be quiet: hear how pathetically he expoſtulates with them:

Why will you thus in mad diverſion ſtrive,
With zeal intemperate to torment yourſelves?

This Twiſter of wreaths has quite miſtaken his talent; he had, perhaps, better lay by his Olive and Laurel, and try his hand at a bundle of oziers;—baſket-making is an *uſeful* employment.——But now peace is reſtored, the poor Muſes muſt ſuffer for it: they will be well teized. As Pope ſays, after Horace ‡,

All thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
Will rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.

‡ *Scribimus indocti doctique.*——

Which

——That, *if thoſe who diſtruſt the adminiſtration, are a faction, a faction may ſometimes be truly laudable*; and if you think, the liberty of the preſs has been lately proſtituted, we muſt aſſure you that it can never be better employed than in ſuch proſtitution.

For who doth *not ſee, through your jeſuitical inſinuations*, that you *mean exterminating the* very *exiſtence* of its liberty, ſince there can be no *infallible criterion to determine what is calumny, ſedition*, rebellion or blaſphemy?

Of Blaſphemy, we have ſeen with indignant ſorrow, in the late barbarous procedure againſt the *Conſiſtent Proteſtant*'s and our friend, though the enemy of *Moſes*, that her ears may be at leaſt expoſed, if her tongue be not tied: but againſt Defamation your Greek and Roman laws may pronounce what they pleaſe, they come neither within our juriſdiction nor our juriſprudence. If we defy the two tables of *Moſes*, and both thoſe you hold divine Legiſlators; do you fancy we ſhall regard your twelve tables, your *Solons* or your *Cicero's?*

Yet ſuppoſing Defamation capital in *England*, as raviſhing the moſt valuable property of any individual, do you pretend that a Miniſter or a Monarch continues an individual? *Doth* not either forfeit every private right, by attempting to ſecure the rights of his betters; by daring without their concurrence to make war or peace? and *hath* not the *inſolence* of ſuch ſervants deſerved ſeverer chaſtiſement than it yet *hath* met *with?*

But ſuppoſing farther, both thoſe ſervants ſtill individuals, and entitled to every right (except the independance) of their ſuperiors, is your knowledge of the world ſo ſcanty, good Mr. *Dobſon*, as to make you dream that laws againſt Defamation ſtill exiſt in England? when the free-britiſh Inquiſition of the *Monthly Review* is now in its fourteenth year and twenty-

Which was no ſooner read at the board, where every article muſt be ratified for publication, than a learned and ſagacious member exclaimed: 'A direct ſatyr on the Bench is the concluding quotation: for the ſame poet ſays

——*Ridentem dicere verum*
Quid vetat?

Nor could any true Brother have quoted *Pope* without ſome inſidious deſign. *Latet anguis in herba*, I am certain. But my judicious Collegues, eccleſiaſtical hiſtory informs us that when that Monſter, the Engliſh Liturgy, firſt attempted to crawl not only into a Church, but into the ſame ſkin with a Pulpit-Bible, in a country where it has unhappily found too much footing ſince, through the declining taſte of a once not inſenſible people, the vote was put in the Veſtry, whether the Bible had ſanctified the Liturgy, or the Liturgy had unhallowed the Bible, and ſo whether they ſhould be ſaved or burned together; *Burn both, Burn both*, was the voice as unanimous, as *Burn either* would be ours. In like manner, Brethren, I humbly move that the Queſtion be put: *Burn the Stricture with the Citation*, or *Save the Citation with the Stricture*. Here Merit prevailed however over Imprudence. Both were ſuffered to ſtand. But the Critic who joined them, inſtead of the praiſe he had earned, received from the Preſident a warm reprimand, with a ſolemn intimation, that whatever member thenceforth ſhould prove ſo indiſcreet as to cite an enemy in any other character than that of a criminal, ſhould be degraded from his ſeat on the Bench, if not from the rank of a Reader.

eighth

eighth volume of what the cenſured call *attempted*, and the favoured are ſaid to find *real* defamation. Sometimes our deciſions are named *defamatory*, and ſometimes *blaſphemous libels*; while we proceed regardleſs of Critics or Hypercritics, of laws human or divine; conſcious that the knowing will not, and the ignorant cannot overturn a tribunal ever ſecure under the wings of the mighty Mother who erected it.

Deſpicable, therefore no leſs than deteſtable, have we proved Mr. *Dobſon*'s principles, which *under a ſpecious ſhew of juſtice and moderation*, would ſubject a *free* preſs and people to the intolerable yoke of Decency, Order and Peace.

HAVING thus done ſome juſtice to the political as well as religious deciſions of the *Monthly Review*, we proceed to ſee this celebrated bench no leſs profound or candid in cauſes of Wit and Learning. The ſole aim of this humble Eſſay being to increaſe the admiration, as well as the number, of the admirers of the *Monthly Review*, the Articles choſen and to be choſen, are particularly ſuch as the Public has unfortunately miſtaken or regarded in the oppoſite light, for want of due attention or deference to the impartial and impeccable Tribunal.

A ſtriking inſtance among many of the public's ignorance or rebellion againſt the Judgement of its infallible guides, is the reception it has unwarrantably given to *The Prince of Abiſſinia*, as well as to every other production of his intolerable Author, whoſe name, ſay his friends, was unneceſſary on the title, being ſtampt, they pretend, on his every period, to every eye and ear except thoſe of the *Monthly Review* and its Readers.

Unknown however as this Author is to his Judges, and unworthy as they ſhow him of any attention; yet merely to give an antidote againſt his contagion, they do him the honor of *introducing* him *to the Reader's acquaintance*; without which introduction he muſt have remained in all the obſcurity he deſerves. Whether they mean to introduce him to readers in general, or to their own only, (if at this day there can be any difference) is not perhaps quite ſo obvious. But that they mean only the latter, ſeems pretty evident, becauſe, alas! to no other readers he needs introduction, and becauſe no other readers have ſenſe enough to be perſuaded how unworthy he is either of public or private acquaintance. That their diſciples however may the better believe this, the *Reviewers* exhibit the plan in few words, which ſuffice to the wiſe:

'This little work is divided into chapters.'

They do indeed attend *The Prince* on his travels, not ſo much to receive as to afford entertainment from them. Let us therefore follow our Leaders, and acknowlege the light they ſhed around them.

Monthly

Monthly Review for *May* 1759. Vol. XX. p. 428.

The Prince of Abiſſinia *. *A Tale.* 12mo. 2 Vols. 5s. Dodſley.

THE method of conveying inſtruction under the maſk of fiction or romance, has been juſtly conſidered as the moſt effectual way of rendering the grave dictates of morality agreeable to mankind in general. The diverſity of characters, and variety of incidents, in a romance, keeps attention alive; and moral ſentiments find acceſs to the mind imperceptibly, when led by amuſement: whereas dry, didactic precepts, delivered under a ſameneſs of character, ſoon grow tireſome to the generality of readers.

But to ſucceed in the romantic way of writing, requires a ſprightlineſs of imagination, with a natural eaſe and variety of expreſſion, which, perhaps, oftener falls to the lot of middling writers, than to thoſe of more exalted genius: and therefore, we obſerve, with leſs regret, of the learned writer of theſe volumes, that *tale-telling* evidently is not his talent. He wants that graceful eaſe, which is the ornament of romance; and he ſtalks in the ſolemn buſkin, when he ought to tread in the light ſock. His ſtile is ſo tumid and pompous, that he ſometimes deals in *ſeſquipedalia*, ſuch as *excogitation*, *exaggeratory*, &c. with other hard compounds, which it is difficult to pronounce with compoſed features—as *multifarious*, *tranſcendental*, *indiſcerpible*, *&c.* When we meet with inſtances of this inflated ſtile, we can ſcarce forbear calling upon the writer, in the words of Martial———

Grande cothurnati pone Maronis opus.

This ſwelling language may ſhew the writer's learning, but it is certainly no proof of his elegance. If indeed he had put it into the mouth of a pedant only, nothing could be more apt: but unhappily he has ſo little conception of the propriety of character, that he makes the princeſs ſpeak in the ſame lofty ſtrain with the philoſopher; and the waiting woman harangue with as much ſublimity as her royal miſtreſs.

With regard to the matter of theſe little volumes, we are concerned to ſay, that we cannot diſcover much invention in the plan, or utility in the deſign. The topics which the writer has choſen have been ſo often handled, they are grown threadbare: and with all his efforts to be original, his ſentiments are moſt of them to be found in the Perſian and Turkiſh tales, and other books of the like ſort; wherein they are delivered to better purpoſe, and cloathed in a more agreeable garb. Neither has the end of this work any great tendency to the good of ſociety. It

* Advertiſed under the Title of RASSELAS.

is calculated to prove that diſcontent prevails among men of all ranks and conditions—the knowledge of which, we may acquire without going to Ethiopia to learn it.

But the inferences which the writer draws from this general diſcontent, are by no means juſt. He ſeems to conclude from thence, that felicity is a thing ever in proſpect, but never attainable. This concluſion, inſtead of exciting men to laudable purſuits, which ſhould be the aim of every moral publication, tends to diſcourage them from all purſuits whatever; and to confirm them in that ſupine indolence, which is the parent of vice and folly; and which, we dare ſay, it is not the worthy author's deſign to encourage.

It does not follow, that becauſe there are diſcontented mortals in every ſtation of life, that therefore every individual, in thoſe ſeveral ſtations, is diſcontented. Whatever men may conclude in the gloom of a cloſet, yet if we look abroad, we ſhall find Beings who, upon the whole, afford us a moral certainty of their enjoying happineſs. A *continued* or conſtant ſeries of felicity is not the lot of human nature: but there are many who experience frequent returns of pleaſure and content, which more than counterbalance the occaſional interruptions of pain and inquietude. Such may be deemed really happy, who, in general, feel themſelves ſo; and that there are many ſuch, we ſee no reaſonable cauſe to doubt.

We are apt to conclude too much from the reſtleſs diſpoſition of mankind, and to conſider the deſire which men expreſs of changing their condition, as a conſtant mark of diſcontent and infelicity. But though this is often the caſe, it is not always ſo. On the contrary, our eagerneſs to ſhift the ſcene frequently makes a part of preſent enjoyment. The earneſtneſs with which we purſue ſome probable, though diſtant, attainment, keeps the mind in a ſtate of agreeable agitation, which improves its vigour. Be our condition what it will, the mind will ſoon grow torpid, and a *tedium* will enſue, unleſs we ſubſtitute ſome purſuit ſeemingly unconnected with our preſent ſtate. Our fondneſs for change, however, does not *always* proceed from diſcontent merely on account of our preſent ſtation, or from an expectation of greater and more permanent happineſs in proſpect. A wiſe man follows ſome diſtant purſuit, not as an *ultimate*, which is to enſure him felicity; but as a *medium* to keep the mind in action, and counterwork the inconveniences with which every ſtate is attended. He is ſenſible that, when he attains his wiſhes, he ſhall ſtill want ſomething to diverſify attention, and that further purſuits will be neceſſary to favour the active progreſs of the mind: ſuch diſtant purſuits therefore, as they often engage the mind agreeably, are ſo far preſent enjoyments. But it is time to introduce our Author to the reader's acquaintance.

This little work is divided into chapters; in the firſt of which we are preſented with a romantic, but high wrought, deſcription of a palace, or rather priſon, in a receſs called the Happy Valley. In this place, provided with every thing which art and nature could ſupply, to render it agreeable, the Prince, who had been immured here from his infancy, grows diſcontented; and his diſcontent inclines him to meditate his eſcape. In this diſpoſition of mind, he becomes intimate with Imlac, a man of learning, with a taſte for poetry; and who had travelled over a great part of the globe. He entertains the Prince with the relation of his travels, and in the courſe of his narrative, he gives a deſcription of the advantages enjoyed by the European nations.

"They are ſurely happy," ſaid the Prince, "who have all theſe conveniences, of which I envy none ſo much as the facility with which ſeparated friends interchange their thoughts."

"The Europeans," anſwered Imlac, "are leſs unhappy than we, but they are not happy. Human life is every where a ſtate, in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed."

The Prince's anſwer diſplays a ſimplicity of nature and goodneſs of heart, which is perfectly amiable and engaging.

"I am not yet willing," ſaid the Prince, "to ſuppoſe, that happineſs is ſo parſimoniouſly diſtributed to mortals; nor can believe but that, if I had the choice of life, I ſhould be able to fill every day with pleaſure. I would injure no man, and ſhould provoke no reſentment: I would relieve every diſtreſs, and ſhould enjoy the benedictions of gratitude. I would chooſe my friends among the wiſe, and my wife among the virtuous; and therefore ſhould be in no danger from treachery or unkindneſs. My children ſhould, by my care, be learned and pious, and would repay to my age what their childhood had received. What would dare to moleſt him who might call on every ſide to thouſands enriched by his bounty, or aſſiſted by his power? And why ſhould not life glide quietly away in the ſoft reciprocation of protection and reverence! All this may be done without the help of European refinements, which appear by their effects to be rather ſpecious than uſeful."

Here many ſtriking and pertinent obſervations might have been made by Imlac, by way of reply. He might have proved the impoſſibility of 'filling every day with pleaſure.' He might have ſhewn, that even wiſdom and virtue, the parents of felicity, were ſometimes nevertheleſs the ſources of uneaſineſs and inquietude: that the perfection of our intellectual faculties, often leads to diſcover defects, which pain us in the obſervation: that the delicacy of our moral principles often ſubjects us to inconveniences, to which leſs ſuſceptible diſpoſitions are ſtrangers.

He might have obſerved to the Prince, that let his conduct in the choice of wife and friends be ever ſo wiſe, yet nevertheleſs his ſcheme of pleaſure might be liable to interruption, from the loſs or diſtreſs of thoſe friends; and ſtill much more ſubject to be diſturbed by any diſaſter affecting thoſe more intimate and dear connexions of wife and children: that theſe accidents, not to mention the ſhock of ſeparation, might imbitter many days with ſorrow. But Imlac, however, is ſuffered to purſue his narration, without any comment on the Prince's viſionary ſcheme of bliſs.

At length the Prince, with the aſſiſtance of Imlac, makes his eſcape with him from the Happy Valley, together likewiſe with his ſiſter, and her favourite maid. Having paſſed through a diverſity of ſcenes, and obſerved a variety of characters, the Prince at laſt meets with a wiſe and happy man.

'As he was one day walking in the ſtreet, he ſaw a ſpacious building, which all were, by the open doors, invited to enter: he followed the ſtream of people, and found it a hall or ſchool of declamation, in which profeſſors read lectures to their auditory. He fixed his eye upon a ſage raiſed above the reſt, who diſcourſed with great energy on the government of the paſſions. His look was venerable, his action graceful, his pronunciation clear, and his diction elegant. He ſhewed, with great ſtrength of ſentiment, and variety of illuſtration, that human nature is degraded and debaſed, when the lower faculties predominate over the higher; that when fancy, the parent of paſſion, uſurps the dominion of the mind, nothing enſues but the natural effect of unlawful government, perturbation, and confuſion; that ſhe betrays the fortreſſes of the intellect to rebels, and excites her children to ſedition againſt reaſon, their lawful ſovereign. He compared reaſon to the ſun, of which the light is conſtant, uniform, and laſting; and fancy to a meteor, of bright but tranſitory luſtre, irregular in its motion, and deluſive in its direction.

'He then communicated the various precepts given from time to time, for the conqueſt of paſſion, and diſplayed the happineſs of thoſe who had obtained the important victory, after which man is no longer the ſlave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emaſculated by tenderneſs, or depreſſed by grief; but walks on calmly through the tumults, or the privacies of life, as the ſun purſues alike his courſe through the calm or the ſtormy ſky.

'He enumerated many examples of heroes immoveable by pain or pleaſure, who looked with indifference on thoſe modes or accidents to which the vulgar give the names of good and evil. He exhorted his hearers to lay aſide their prejudices, and arm themſelves againſt the ſhafts of malice or misfortune, by invulnerable

nerable patience; concluding, that this ſtate only was happineſs, and that this happineſs was in every one's power.'

Here the Writer preſents us with an abſtract of the Stoical tenets; which, in the event, he turns to ridicule. The Prince, who had obtained leave to viſit his moral lecturer, found him one day inconſolable for the loſs of an only daughter. Raſſelas urged to him the precepts which he himſelf had ſo powerfully enforced. "Has Wiſdom," ſaid the Prince, "no ſtrength to arm the heart againſt calamity? Conſider that external things are naturally variable, but truth and reaſon are always the ſame." "What Comfort," ſaid the mourner, "can truth and reaſon afford me? Of what effect are they now, but to tell me that my daughter will not be reſtored?"

Raſſelas, however, was not diſguſted with philoſophy. 'He went often to an aſſembly of learned men, who met at ſtated times to unbend their minds, and compare their opinions. Their manners were ſomewhat coarſe, but their converſation was inſtructive, and their diſputations acute, though ſometimes too violent, and often continued till neither controvertiſt remembered upon what queſtion they began. Some faults were almoſt general among them; every one was deſirous to dictate to the reſt, and every one was pleaſed to hear the genius or knowledge of another depreciated.

'In this aſſembly Raſſelas was relating his interview with the hermit *, and the wonder with which he heard him cenſure a courſe of life he had ſo deliberately choſen, and ſo laudably followed. The ſentiments of the hearers were various. Some were of opinion, that the folly of his choice had been juſtly puniſhed by condemnation to perpetual perſeverance. One of the youngeſt among them, with great vehemence, pronounced him an hypocrite. Some talked of the right of ſociety to the labour of individuals, and conſidered retirement as a deſertion of duty. Others readily allowed, that there was a time when the claims of the public were ſatisfied, and when a man might properly ſequeſter himſelf, to review his life, and purify his heart.

The learned reader will perceive that, in this extract, the writer has availed himſelf of the arguments of Tully. But let us attend to the continuation of the debate.

'One who appeared more affected with the narrative than the reſt, thought it likely, that the hermit would, in a few years, go back to his retreat, and, perhaps, if ſhame did not reſtrain, or death intercept him, return once more from his re-

* The fame of a hermit had drawn Raſſelas to viſit his cave; where he found the ſage inhabitant ſo weary of retirement, that he forſook it the next day, and returned with the prince, in order to re-unite himſelf to ſociety.

treat into the world: "For the hope of happineſs," ſays he, "is ſo ſtrongly impreſſed, that the longeſt experience is not able to efface it. Of the preſent ſtate, whatever it be, we feel, and are forced to confeſs, the miſery, yet, when the ſame ſtate is again at a diſtance, imagination paints it as deſireable. But the time will ſurely come, when deſire will be no longer our torment, and no man ſhall be wretched but by his own fault."

"This, ſaid a philoſopher, who had heard him with tokens of great impatience, is the preſent condition of a wiſe man. The time is already come, when none are wretched but by their own fault. Nothing is more idle, than to enquire after happineſs, which nature has kindly placed within our reach. The way to be happy is to live according to nature, in obedience to that univerſal and unalterable law with which every heart is originally impreſſed; which *is not written on it by precept, but engraven by deſtiny; not inſtilled by education, but infuſed at our nativity* *. He that lives according to nature will ſuffer nothing from the deluſions of hope, or importunities of deſire: he will receive and reject with equability of temper; and act or ſuffer as the reaſon of things ſhall alternately preſcribe. Other men may amuſe themſelves with ſubtle definitions, or intricate *ratiocination.* Let them learn to be wiſe by eaſier means: let them obſerve the hind of the foreſt, and the linnet of the grove: let them conſider the life of animals, whoſe motions are regulated by inſtinct; they obey their guide and are happy. Let us therefore, at length, ceaſe to diſpute, and learn to live; throw away the incumbrance of precepts, which they who utter them with ſo much pride and pomp do not underſtand, and carry with us this ſimple and intelligible maxim, That deviation from nature is deviation from happineſs."

'When he had ſpoken, he looked round him with a placid air, and enjoyed the conſciouſneſs of his own beneficence. "Sir, ſaid the prince, with great modeſty, as I, like all the reſt of mankind, am deſirous of felicity, my cloſeſt attention has been fixed upon your diſcourſe: I doubt not the truth of a poſition which a man ſo learned has ſo confidently advanced. Let me only know what it is to live according to nature."

"When I find young men ſo humble and ſo docile, ſaid the philoſopher, I can deny them no information which my ſtudies have enabled me to afford. To live according to nature, is to act always with due regard to the fitneſs ariſing from the relations and qualities of cauſes and effects; to concur with the great and unchangeable ſcheme of univerſal felicity; to co-ope-

* The lines in Italics are literally tranſlated from Tully's Definition of the Law of Nature. *Ad quam*, ſays the Roman, *non docti ſed nati, non inſtituti ſed imbuti ſumus.*

rate

rate with the general diſpoſition and tendency of the preſent ſyſtem of things."

'The prince ſoon found that this was one of the ſages whom he ſhould underſtand leſs as he heard him longer. He therefore bowed and was ſilent, and the philoſopher, ſuppoſing him ſatisfied, and the reſt vanquiſhed, roſe up and departed with the air of a man that had co-operated with the preſent ſyſtem.'

In the character of this ſage, the writer intends to expoſe the abſurdity of the Epicurean doctrine: and it muſt be confeſſed, that he has taken an ingenious way of ſhewing its futility, by making the philoſopher found a ſyſtem of happineſs upon a maxim which he is incapable of explaining intelligibly.

Raſſelas was full of perplexities, and ſtill continued doubtful concerning the way to happineſs. At length, his ſiſter and he agreed to divide between them the work of obſervation. The prince was to purſue his ſearch in the ſplendour of courts, while ſhe ranged through the ſcenes of humbler life.

When they met, they compared their remarks, and each found the other unſucceſsful in the purſuit. Among other evils which infeſt private life, the princeſs Nekayah inſtances marriage. 'Some huſbands, ſays ſhe, are imperious, and ſome wives perverſe: and, as it is always more eaſy to do evil than good, though the wiſdom or virtue of one can very rarely make many happy, the folly or vice of one may often make many miſerable.'

'If ſuch be the general effect of marriage, ſaid the prince, I ſhall, for the future, think it dangerous to connect my intereſt with that of another, leſt I ſhould be unhappy by my partner's fault.'

'I have met, ſaid the princeſs, with many who live ſingle for that reaſon; but I never found that their prudence ought to raiſe envy. They dream away their time without friendſhip, without fondneſs, and are driven to rid themſelves of the day, for which they have no uſe, by childiſh amuſements, or vicious delights. They act as beings under the conſtant ſenſe of ſome known inferiority, that fills their minds with rancour, and their tongues with cenſure. They are peeviſh at home, and malevolent abroad; and, as the out-laws of human nature, make it their buſineſs and their pleaſure to diſturb that ſociety which debars them from its privileges. To live without feeling or exciting ſympathy, to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without taſting the balm of pity, is a ſtate more gloomy than ſolitude: it is not retreat but excluſion from mankind. Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleaſures.'

This extravagant declamation may entertain thoſe who have read little and thought leſs, but to others it will probably appear trite, inconcluſive, and fallacious. When the writer tells us, that 'marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleaſures,' we muſt confeſs, that the antitheſis is ſtriking; but is the oppoſition juſt? If the author is a married man, we ſmile at his miſtake; if he is ſingle, and writes from his own feelings, we commiſerate his condition.

After a pauſe in the converſation, Raſſelas, whoſe remarks on the condition of high life are but ſlender and imperfect, obſerves, that quiet is not the daughter of grandeur. 'The higheſt ſtations, ſays he, cannot hope to be the abodes of happineſs, which I would willingly believe to have fled from thrones and palaces to ſeats of humble privacy and placid obſcurity. For what can hinder the ſatisfaction, or intercept the expectations, of him whoſe abilities are adequate to his employments, who ſees with his own eyes the whole circuit of his influence, who chooſes by his own knowledge all whom he truſts, and whom none are tempted to deceive by hope or fear? Surely he has nothing to do but to love and to be loved, to be virtuous and to be happy.'

'Whether perfect happineſs would be procured by perfect goodneſs, ſaid Nekayah, this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding. But this, at leaſt, may be maintained, that we do not always find viſible happineſs in proportion to viſible virtue. All natural and almoſt all political evils, are incident alike to the bad and good: they are confounded in the miſery of a famine, aud not much diſtinguiſhed in the fury of a faction; they ſink together in a tempeſt, and are driven together from their country by invaders. All that virtue can afford is quietneſs of conſcience, a ſteady proſpect of a happier ſtate; this may enable us to endure calamity with patience; but remember that patience muſt ſuppoſe pain.'

How unnaturally is this debate ſupported? The prince, with all the ſimplicity of a credulous virgin, fondly imagines that people in humble ſtation 'have nothing to do but to love and to be loved, to be virtuous and to be happy;' while the princeſs oppoſes his deluſion with bold, manly, and maſterly ſentiments, enforced with all the energy of declamation. Raſſelas, like an innocent and tender pupil, is documented by his philoſophic ſiſter, who ſhews him the folly of his viſionary expectations. One would imagine that they had changed ſexes: for ſurely that fond hope and pleaſing deluſion had been more natural on her ſide: and thoſe deep ſentiments and ſpirited remonſtrances had been more becoming in the prince. Nekayah might have related her obſervations; but the reflections reſulting from them ſhould have been reſerved for Raſſelas.

In

In a ſhort time, they renew the converſation concerning marriage. 'I know not, ſaid the princeſs, whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human miſery, when I ſee and reckon the various forms of connubial felicity, the unexpected cauſes of laſting diſcord, the diverſities of temper, the oppoſitions of opinion, the rude colliſions of contrary deſire, where both are urged by violent impulſes, the obſtinate conteſts of diſagreeing virtues, where both are ſupported by conſciouſneſs of good intention, I am ſometimes diſpoſed to think with the ſeverer caſuiſts of both nations, that marriage is rather permitted than approved, and that none, but by the inſtigation of a paſſion too much indulged, entangle themſelves with indiſſoluble compacts.'

By this argument, to ſay nothing of the ſtrange language in which the lady is made to expreſs herſelf, marriage is not placed in a more favourable light than celibacy was juſt before. In ſhort, all that we can conclude from this converſation is, that a married life is very wretched, and a ſingle one very miſerable. For our parts, we are of opinion, that each ſtate has its advantages and its inconveniences. But to make a juſt compariſon between both, we muſt admit all collateral circumſtances to be equal. Thus for inſtance, if we ſuppoſe two men and two women, in whom the circumſtances of intellect, morals, and diſpoſition are equal, and that one couple is married while the other remains ſingle, certainly we ſhould not heſitate to conclude, that the married pair have the beſt proſpect of enjoying the moſt perfect felicity human nature is capable of poſſeſſing.

After further reſearches, the prince and princeſs meet with an aſtronomer, who imagined that for five years he had poſſeſſed the regulation of the weather, and the diſtribution of the ſeaſons. This ſpecies of frenzy gives room for a very ſenſible chapter on the dangerous prevalence of imagination.

The aſtronomer, however, is cured of his frenzy by intercourſe with the world; and the tale draws to a concluſion, in which, as the writer frankly acknowledges, nothing is concluded. They find that happineſs is unattainable, and remain undetermined in their choice of life. As nothing is concluded, it would have been prudent in the author to have ſaid nothing. Whoever he is, he is a man of genius and great abilities; but he has evidently miſapplied his talents. We ſhall only add, that his title-page will impoſe upon many of Mr. Noble's fair cuſtomers, who, while they expect to frolic along the flowery paths of romance, will find themſelves hoiſted on metaphyſical ſtilts, and born aloft into the regions of ſyllogiſtical ſubtlety, and philoſophical refinement.'

Even

Even from this account, and theſe extracts, ſome idea may be formed of the execution, if not of the deſign. Of the latter however we are credibly aſſured, that it has neither *invention* nor *utility*; and the Judges kindly ſhow how much better the former might have been rendered, had the Author either poſſeſſed their powers, or been *documented* by them.

How far Generoſity will blind the moſt penetrating, and indeed how here it could have been excited at all, ſeems equally hard to determine. No Critics, but ours, could have allowed *genius* and *abilities*, however *miſapplied* they confeſſed them, to a Writer, who *has no conteption of the propriety of character*, who has deſigned no good, and done no good, or who has deſigned one thing and executed another; *yet nevertheleſs* who has *concluded nothing, and ſo would have been prudent to have ſaid nothing*; whoſe ſentiments are *trite*, *inconcluſive*, and *fallacious*, debaſed from the *Perſian tales*, or tranſlated from *Cicero*; and whoſe *ſtile* is ſo *tumid*, that he deals in *ſeſquipedalia*, ſuch as *excogitation*, *exaggeratory*, with other hard *compounds*, which, till this learned Tribunal tranſmuted them, were certainly, neat as imported, pure ſimples in our language. But even without conjuration, words compounded of ſeveral ſyllables, or of ſeveral letters, are in ſome ſenſe compounds: ſo the Court is, one way or other, ſtill ſecure of vindication.

To deſcend however from *ſeſquipedalia*, and to find a due *medium* for fear of a *tedium*; it may be proper to hint here the cauſes at once of ſeverity and candor. The Foundreſs and Familiars ſmelt a formidable enemy in the unknown; at whom they pointed therefore their united artillery: while they ſtill judged it prudent to pay him ſuch compliments as ſhould at once maſk their battery againſt the juſt object of their wrath, and dazzle for a moment that perverſe Public, whom he ſeemed more likely than any other to ſeduce from their juriſdiction.

HITHERTO the Court has proceeded ſeriouſly, and honeſtly exhibited its powers and its principles, in caſes of religion, politics or ingenuity. But it has alſo another manner of treating delinquents, as much more effectual as eaſier, and as much pleaſanter as more effectual than the former. It is the *facetious* manner, or that by which, without either knowlege or cogniſance of the cauſe, without examining or exhibiting the whole or any part, the plan or a ſpecimen of any production, any Inquiſitor or Inquiſitors may try, condemn and execute not only the work, but the Author, ſmiling all the while upon it and him, and raviſhing the Audience, nay often, which is ſtill odder, the Culprit himſelf, with a torrent of critical jocularity.

This manner has one peculiar advantage over the other, that

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by a flaſh of wit or ſally of humor, a true *Inquiſitor* or *Reviewer*, (whatever name he take) can dive at once to the bottom of any ſubject, or play with like effect on the ſurface, ſo as to attack without dread, and overthrow without difficulty, any adverſe doctrine or unpleaſing deſign, the moſt obſtinate exactneſs or moſt audacious ingenuity; any Author therefore equally modern or ancient, human or divine.

Though this is then by far the conciſeſt, completeſt, and therefore moſt prevailing method of modern Criticiſm, as ſaving at once trouble, time, and every other expence; yet Judges embenched muſt ſometimes be ſerious, and who can any where always laugh? But even in judgement, and that on the weightieſt cauſes, Indolence, Haſte, or peculiar Kindneſs, will often indulge the facetious, and do ſprightly as well as ſpeedy juſtice. Of the facetious one favorite, becauſe natural, ſpecies is *ſarcaſm* or *innuendo*, which, though of various appearance, ſeems moſt happily couched under the ſhrewd *italic* character.

Sometimes, we may ſuppoſe, the manner will be *mixt*. The ſerious will temper the ſprightly, or the ſprightly will ſeaſon the ſerious. Of this kind ſeems the following literary article, not more ſingular certainly in its own nature than in the ſentence paſt upon it.

Monthly Review for *April* 1756. Vol. XIV. p. 322.

The Analyſis of the French and Engliſh Languages. With their roots and idioms. In two volumes. By James Elphinſton. 12mo. 5 s. Vaillant.

IT was impoſſible for us to turn over theſe volumes, conſiſting of long columns of mere words, without recollecting theſe lines of Scaliger.

Si quem dura manet ſententia Judicis, olim
Damnatum ærumnis, ſuppliciiſque caput;
Hunc neque fabrili laſſent ergaſtula maſſa,
Nec rigidas vexent foſſa metalla manus.
Lexica contexat; nam cetera quid moror? omnes.
Pœnarum facies hic labor unus habet.

This, indeed, is not properly a lexicon, but it is a work that muſt have afforded as little entertainment to the Author, as the drieſt dictionary of them all. He ſets out with an eſſay on the riſe, formation, and mutual analogy of the French and Engliſh languages. From the beginning of this eſſay we ſhall tranſcribe a paragraph or two, which will at once give our Readers an idea of our Author's plan, and a ſpecimen of his *ſurpriſing figurative ſublimity of ſtyle*.

'Whatever

'Whatever may be the cauſe,' ſays he, 'that the French 'and Engliſh tongues ſhould here firſt meet in their primitives, 'this aſſemblage pleads other attractions than thoſe of novelty, 'when it exhibits, in grammatical as well as alphabetical order, 'the radical dictionary of both languages.

'In order to compaſs that brevity ſo eſſential to the uſefulneſs 'of every deſign, all the words the ſame, or almoſt the ſame in 'both, have been ſtudiouſly excluded this collection. Nor will 'it prove an unpleaſing compenſation to inveſtigate the analogy 'by which, with the ſources whence, we draw.'

He then mentions the Gauls, Saxons, Danes, and Romans, as the firſt founders of our language, and proceeds in this *elegant* manner.—'If we conſider, indeed, the nature of the French 'language, ſurely not the leaſt beautiful, tho' not the eldeſt 'daughter of the Latin, and formed upon the model of the 'Greek, the care with which ſhe has been cultivated, and the 'perfection to which ſhe is brought, we ſhall not wonder at her 'triumphs over polite, even as well as barbarous idioms, nor 'bluſh to own her the ſecond founder of the Engliſh tongue.

'That the branches at home, and the roots from abroad, may 'ſpring with equal and native facility, the preſent collection is 'not only digeſted into the great claſſes of ſpeech, but ranged 'according to that alphabet of affinity, which nature, or rather 'nature's Author, has in the framing of language laid down.

'The vowels ſurely claim a natural precedence of the letters 'which receive from them animation, and which ſerve but to ar- 'ticulate or modify their ſound. *I* and *y* are one vowel, in 'different ſhape, but not of promiſcuous uſe. The Engliſh *w* 'cloſes the vocal claſs, with which it alſo ſeems more connected 'than with the conſonants; for with theſe, tho' conjunctive, it 'never combines, nor is it ever proxy, or equivalent to any 'other than a vowel. *H*, the aſpiration, ſometimes not ſo 'much, combinable with ſome conſonants, yet interchangeable 'with none, craves the honour of introducing them. As the 'firſt claſs of conſonants glide the liquids along, tranſmutable 'not only with each other, but meltable ſometimes into vowels, 'according to affinity, tranſmutability, and gradation of ſound.'

This, we imagine, will give ſome idea of this work; but what can the reader think of the following paſſage, taken from the 19th page of the firſt volume? 'The likeneſs we love to 'Latin has been alſo promoted by dropping the *h* of *char*, *chapon*, 'chat, in *car*, *capon*, *cat*,' &c. What Mr. Elphinſton intended to ſay, is not very difficult to diſcover; but has he not expreſſed himſelf ſomewhat ſingularly? This would be a trifling criticiſm on almoſt any other author; but as this Gentleman is writing profeſſedly on Language, we think him ſcarce pardonable. However, the public may be ſomewhat obliged to him for the great pains he muſt have taken; and, in truth, his work might perhaps

perhaps have been of ſome uſe, both to ſcholars and critics in the French and Engliſh languages, (ſo far as they are connected with each other) had it been put together with more order; but for want of method in the arrangement of what it contains, the whole appears rather as a confuſed maſs, than a regular ſyſtem, of any thing.

Upon the whole, it ſeems very ſurprizing, that a writer who is treating on the nature and ſignification of words, in order to make them better underſtood, and to ſhew the analogy betwixt one language and another, could ever dream of inſtructing or entertaining any claſs of readers, whatever, by ſuch whimſical jargon, as is contained in the following paragraphs, viz.

'But interjection's main office is to paint ſenſation, whether from within or without; and to repeat ſounds compound as well as ſimple, of which therefore the images muſt be common as their objects.

'Thus vibration or other regular return produces univerſally ſuch ſounds as the Engliſh *tang-tang*, *dong-dong*; *ting-tong*, *ding-dong*; *tic-tac*, *cric-crac*, *clic-clac*, *flic-flac*, *thwic-thwac*, *ſnic-ſnac*, *ſmic-ſmac*, &c. from ſuch the diminutive nouns *knic-knac*, or *nic-nac*, *whim-wham*, *chit-chat*, *rif-raf*, *ſlip-ſlop*; *ſpic-and-ſpan*, &c.

'Of vocal vibration or undulation, laughter burſts into *ha-ha!* Joy exults in *aha!* or *oh-oh!* Fatigue ſighs in *heigh-ho!* Vociferation ſummons in *ſoho!* 2. *halo!* (perhaps from *hola!*) and Muſic *trills* or *quavers* her notes in *fa-la*, *tol-lol*, &c.

'So impetuous aſſailants fall on *pal-mal*, (from *pêle-mêle*) or *ſlap-daſh*, make the heart of the ſurprized go *pit-a-pat*, and their tongue cry *hey-day*, 1. or 2. *hoity-toity!* But now to the *hurry* all *fly* in a *flurry*. In the *hubbub*, or *hurly-burly*, (from *hurluberlu*) ſome ſtand *ſhill-I? ſhall-I?* or move *will-they*, 4. *nil-they*; while others run *helter-ſkelter*, throw all things *higgledy-piggledy*, or turn them *topſy-turvy*, &c.'

This criticiſm having, by its extraordinary nature, excited a curioſity which it meant to repreſs, the reſult of *ſeven years'* inveſtigation may be uſeful to Readers within and without doors, and elucidate at laſt an account ſeemingly unaccountable. The truth proves, what ſome readers preſently perceived, that this work puzzled the whole bench of Inquiſitors: for a Chapter was ſummoned upon it. The grand *conſult* was opened by the Recorder, who has ever been deſervedly an oracle on the Bench, and ſtood a main pillar, as he was a main founder, of a Court which he well foreſaw, ſuffer who would, muſt always decide in his favor; and where he could not but enjoy both covered and conſtant opportunities of exerting other powers, ſtill dearer to him, than thoſe of his office.

This

This oracle chancing or choſen that day to preſide, after collecting all the dignity of his countenance, thus began:

'Learned and ingenious Inquiſitors, it is with no ſmall regret that I lay before this venerable Bench a new Work, entitled, *The Analyſis of the French and Engliſh Languages*, &c. of which the deſign and execution muſt be equally execrable, ſince to me theſe volumes, though partly recorded in my own Office, are not only Engliſh and French, but really Latin and Greek. Nor will ye, my brethren, arraign me of arrogance, if I judge that a Performance which defies my penetration, can hardly be paſſive to yours. But, my worthy collegues, that not mine only, but your indignation, may ſufficiently ariſe againſt the inſidious Author who has cut us out ſuch a piece of work; though he ſeems here a ſtranger, ye muſt know, and will allow him contemptible enough when ye do know, that he is——not indeed by nature, but by ſome odd unnatural alliance——my brother; and conſequently, that he has the honor (which I believe he never claimed) to be yours. Ye may remember, at leaſt I ſhall never forget, that not many years ago he pretended, forſooth! to be a rimer, as he now does to be a reaſoner, without aſking or deſiring the aſſiſtance, or even approbation of any member of this Court, nay without ſo much as imploring the guidance or protection of any one Power that ſupports it. We cured him effectually of riming: our buſineſs is now to blaſt his every pretenſion whether in verſe or proſe.'

The book-merchant, who ſat next, now took ſpeech upon him:

'The candid Bench cannot but applaud the reſentment of the honorable member who opened the ſubject, as much as the manner in which he has expreſt it. A brother the author is doubtleſs of mine, and therefore an enemy,—by being proprietor of his own book. This is worſe than either riming or reaſoning——a direct encroachment on the property of the Trade, which will, I hope, for once, concur with us *Reviewers* (of whom it has ſo often, not perhaps without juſtice, complained) againſt a common enemy.

But beſides, the Recorder muſt remember as well as I, that ſoon after the erection of the Tribunal, every other department being ſupplied, we wanted only a judge of poetry; not having then deviſed the infallible manner of judging with like eaſe of poetry and proſe. I invited the now-Delinquent, nor did the Recorder remonſtrate. The former, taking my word as he well might, that the members of our yet-infant ſociety were all perſons of equal knowlege, ingenuity, judgement and candor, could not but confeſs the honor I meant him, and proceeded forthwith upon *Public Virtue*, a Georgic. But he, poor novice! imagined at firſt that we pretended no more than

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to give the plan and a ſpecimen of any work under our cogniſance. Little did he know that for ſeveral reaſons we ſeldom give the former, not always the latter, and often neither. I inſiſted on a criticiſm: a criticiſm he gave. But here, alas! he ſhowed himſelf more ignorant even than before. He ſtill made a plan of the work, and methodically digeſted the beauties and blemiſhes of the economy, the ſentiments, the figures, the diction. He ſeemed, like his favorite,

Still fond to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame.

In ſhort, brethren (pardon my prolixity) I told the young Scholar that, as Critics went formerly, he might have made ſome figure; but that here he had taken much pains only to ſpeak his own incapacity; that he was totally and invincibly ignorant as well of our plan as our practice; that a pillar of the Court and a prince of the Trade was deeply concerned in *Public Virtue*; and that, in-fine, I wiſhed him his health, and ſucceſs in any ſociety of which he might be more worthy by being more capable.

A little ſurpriſed he ſeemed not at all ſorry; and with an indignant tone demanded his criticiſm. This I begged leave to deny; but threw *Cerberus* a ſop, reaſſuring him of my beſt wiſhes. But that we might not appear to neglect, what we durſt not criticiſe; we publiſhed a very different account of the poem, one which ſhowed neither beauties nor blemiſhes, neither plan nor ſpecimen, which was however ſo contrived as to pleaſe at once our Patron and our Readers. Ye cannot wonder then if from that moment I held the rejected Critic an enemy, or blame me if immediately I ſeconded, not to ſay firſted, the motion that damned *Religion*.'

'Damn *Religion*,' cried the Divine, 'and *Public Virtue* too—But you ſay Mr. Recorder, that the Author is a Reaſoner: then by all that is holy in *Hume* (for poor *Bolingbroke* is *twice dead)* he becomes my rival. Reaſon, brethren, is the prerogative of our Society: who elſe dares pretend to it, declares general war againſt us, and particular war againſt me.'

'By my Wit and Learning,' ſwore the other Doctor (for even here he never ventured to ſwear by his Word and Credit, though his celebrity in the healing art had obtained him the chair of an Inquiſitor) 'if our Author pretend to rime, he proves my antagoniſt as well as brother. I believe, gentlemen, ye will allow me like pretenſions to rime and to reaſon.'——'To be ſure, Doctor, to be ſure,' interrupted at once all his candid collegues: upon which the good-natured Doctor, forgiving the interruption, proceeded: 'My reaſoning is always ſo clear (this I ſpeak without vanity, for I have here many rivals, particularly at this Board) that the reader may conſtrue

it into what meaning he pleaſes, or if he pleaſes, into no meaning at all. But one talent is, I hope, hitherto entirely my own. Some have luckily or cunningly couched verſe under the ſemblance of proſe, and ſome have paradoxically declared even blank verſe to be rime; but for me was reſerved the invention of writing proſe in the meaſure of verſe, and of making *rime*, even in the vulgar chiming idea, as blank as was ever *Milton*'s or *Homer*'s. But, learned Sirs, give me audience a moment, while I read to you with what audaciouſneſs our Author treats the learning and titles of the Faculty, no matter upon what occaſion :'

And well it were that M. D. *which may be, and often is read* Medicine-Doctor, *were the onely mutilations of the healing art, which needs no longer the aid of grimace nor the convenience of hieroglyphics.*

'A falſe and ſcandalous aſperſion, by all that is profound!' (for the Doctor, when ſo juſtly provoked, was apt a little to ſwear) 'If ever I be a member of the College, I will move a proſecution. Meantime I ſee at once by his aſſurance and by his *iriſhiſms*, that he is no countryman of mine; and qualified as I thus every way am to pronounce alike on his ſentiments and ſtile, I ſhall treat our Analyſt as a foreign invader of my peculiar province, no leſs than a foe to the Faculty. *Analyſis*, ye all know, is mine: I ſhall analyſe him by the lump.'

The Bench was bowing applauſe; when a minion of *Moloch*, the laſt, not leaſt conſiderable member who ſpoke to this article, frowning more ſtern than the horrid king himſelf, proteſted thus againſt the acquieſcence:

'Hold, Doctor—*Ne plus ultra*—if you analyſe him, you ſhall analyſe me. I never before queſtioned your pretenſions of any kind: but to meddle with analyſis, and that literary analyſis, when I am preſent, ſpoke neither your parts nor your prudence. However, as you well obſerved of *M. D.* I may of *A. M.* His words are;'

A ſcholar is ſtill proud to become A. M. *though the letters tranſpoſed might render him* Maſter of Arts, *as* F. R. S. *diſtinguiſh a* Fellow *of the* Royal Society.

'Is it not plain that he underſtands not the elegance of *Artium Magiſter?*—a ſhrewd ſign that he is not one! Perhaps he would rather be Maſter of Arts without the title of *A. M.* than take the title, like me, without being Maſter of Arts: or perhaps he mimics the nakedneſs of *John Milton*, *James Thomſon*, &c. who have either had the misfortune of not being *Artium Magiſtri*, or the greater misfortune to deſpiſe the title. But were *Tully* or *Ovid* to revive in theſe literate days, how much would their genius and judgement prefer *A. M.* or *M. D.* to the nicknames of *Cicero* or *Naſo!* Would they not rather buy or even borrow them, if they had chanced not to be

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matriculated in any *Alma Mater* the period that devolves them?

Nor is he ſatisfied with Analyſis: he muſt alſo be pretending to promulgate the laws of *Analogy*. Who this lady may be, I pretend not even to divine: but, whoever ſhe is, who made him her Legiſlator? Attend but, dear Doctor, to one of her Laws, which yourſelf ſhall immediately oblige her, be what ſhe will, to repeal.

To the acquaintance of tongues, and indeed of all Nature, Analogy alone can be our guide. When languages dy, it becomes her ſole province to arrange and exhibit the treaſures ſhe has coined, and of which ſhe is left but the guardian. For Nature, who never does any thing abſurd or in vain, can no more paint ſounds when originals ceaſe, than chooſe to encreaſe the coin where remain none to circulate. But in living tongues, Analogy continues miſtreſs of the mint, as well as keeper of the treaſury; ever veſted by Nature, whoſe ſubſtitute ſhe is, with as ample powers of ſtriking freſh coin, as ſhe had to produce the former. When indeed a living language, as now perhaps the French or the Engliſh, has accumulated ſtore of every denomination, impreſſed with the ſtamp of domeſtic Analogy, this wiſe queen of romage will as little authoriſe unneceſſary addition, as allow the importation of foreign, or the circulation of counterfeit ſpecie.

The living mint having thus iſſued whatever now enriches the treaſury, muſt ſtill iſſue every acceſſion, before it can be depoſited there: ſo that coin may be genuine though never yet treaſured, as coin may be treaſured that never was genuine. Authority then or precedent, being no other than a piece of already current coin, can only record or exemplify the power that produced it; and the want of authority, when Analogy requires any, may well be an argument for, but never againſt her making one.

Provided always, that no individual or individuals may aſſume the prerogative of coining, or of any way altering what once is duly coined, without being able to produce a ſpecial delegation from Analogy, and unqueſtioned evidence, that ſhe has communicated to ſuch perſon or perſons her wealth and her wants, as well as the key of her mint to ſupply them; which credentials any pretender or pretenders that cannot produce, muſt be held guilty of treaſon againſt the ſacred majeſty of Analogy, as counterfeiting, clipping or embaſing her coin.

'There's a law for you, my truſty confederates! ſuch, I believe, as never was enacted before him. No, no: it is all his own, ye may depend on it. But had he found it with Mr. *Dobſon* in the twelve tables, or where the *Tale-teller* found *exaggeratory*, *multifarious* and his other *ſeſquipedalia*-compounds, we ſhould pretty equally regard it. Yet, methinks, he who preſumes to make literary laws, ſhould at leaſt be able to

ſpell * them. Do but look without laughing at his *forain* and *onely*. Either *are* ſufficient to ſhew him an ignorant pretender, in reality without any knowledge either of learning or letters. Did he underſtand *etymology*, inſtead of his *analogy*; did he but know latin or engliſh, *like me*, he would know that *foreign*, as we *admirably* write it, is compounded of *foris regni*, juſt as *ſovereign* of *ſupra regnum*; he would know that *o*, *n*, ſound *one*; and that, if the apparent *one* be the real *wan*, *onely* muſt be *wanly*; he would learn to write as well as read *inconteſtible*, *indiſpenſible* along with *inſenſible*, *imperceptible*, and the abiſſinian *indiſcerpible* (*riſum teneatis!*) But, my illuminated Friends, ſuppoſe our new Lawgiver had common-ſenſe or common-knowledge, which there is no great danger of your ſuppoſing; and ſuppoſe the act paſt in the britiſh parliament, of which there ſeems quite as little likelihood; we are no more individuals than Miniſters of State, and ſo can be bound by no ſuch ſtatute. At any rate, what have we to do either with the Queen, or her Legiſlator? We are free-britiſh Critics, and ſo ſcorn the authority of both. We can form or coin without their acquaintance, and without their leave. The Doctor *hath* himſelf *inconteſtibly* proved it in his *iriſhiſms* †, which are certainly as good engliſh as *ſcottiſhiſms*, or even *engliſhiſms*, and bid defiance equally to Analogy and her Delegate.

* Here a doubt may ariſe, whether the ſame or a ſimilar Critic, ſo ſimilarly touched a very different ſubject, ſeven years after.

Monthly Review for *February* 1763. Vol. XXVIII. p. 162.

The Peregrinations of Jeremiah Grant, Eſq; a Weſt-Indian. 12mo. Burnet.

The Writer of theſe Perogrinations is an ignorant pretender to wit, humour, and learning; whilſt, in reality, he is totally deſtitute of the firſt; for the ſecond, he only ſhews a turn for ribaldry, ſuch as would hardly paſs for humour with a bench of Porters at an ale-houſe door; and for the third, he has not yet learned to ſpell.'

Here we learn that poor Jeremy is an ignorant pretender to wit and learning; while (who would believe it?) he is totally deſtitute of the one, and has not the leaſt tincture of the other.

† *Monthly Review* for *February* 1763. Vol. XXVIII. p. 167.

The Diſcovery. A Comedy. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane. Written by the Editor of Miſs Sidney Bidulph ‡. 8vo. 1 s. 6 d. Davies, &c.

Sentimental and moral in the conduct, eaſy and correct || in the language, various and entertaining in the characters: the greateſt fault we obſerve throughout the whole, is the length and languor of ſome of the ſcenes, which almoſt deviate into preaching. The luxuriances, however, might be eaſily pruned without prejudice to any of the branches; as, indeed, hath been judiciouſly done, in the repreſentation.'

‡ *Mrs. Sheridan: whoſe huſband performed a principal part in this play.*

|| *Some have objected to the word* either (*which ſtands in the place of* neither, *p.* 57.) *as an Iriſhiſm; but we rather ſuppoſe it an error of the preſs. However* either *of them are ſuperfluous. We do not remember how it was* ſpoken.

But,

But,' continued the learned *Macmoloch*, 'as far as I can see into this labour of literature, which ye will all allow to be as far as any brother within or without doors, the Author before us hath the insidious and invidious, the loquacious and audacious design to become a candidate, concurrent and competitor for the rank, reputation and character of one of us *literati*; nay to enter and invade my peculiar province and profession, and so to offer me a direct provocation or challenge, which I will do him the honour to accept. No Inquisitor therefore or Inquisitors who mean not to enter the lists with me, will enter them with this *Hector* or *Hercules* of erudition, to whom by parts and profession ye must all confess me the indubitable *antagonistes*.'

The other members overwhelmed with this torrent of eloquence, observing a reluctant silence, the President owned the right of the great *Macmoloch*, and bespoke, in name of the Bench, the admirable Criticism, which its Author produced, and pronounced in full Court next morning.

The article read with as much propriety as it was written, the Chairman moved to resolve, that the thanks of the Court be presented to the learned and ingenious Judge, as naturally previous to the thanks of every *Lay-reviewer* throughout the realm. The motion being unanimously agreed to, the Recorder, who expreſt peculiar rapture, could not forbear entreating the honored Critic to inform the Bench by what particular happiness he had so soon produced such a masterpiece of learning and ingenuity.

Soon as the conflict of gratified ambition and conscious modesty could indulge utterance to the generous heart of *Macmoloch*, he, not without some reluctance in his turn, took speech again upon him:

'Most literate Judges and candid Inquisitors, the humble fruit of deep study lies indeed before you: for who could neglect what ye were to review? But the applause with which ye have crowned it, is due in the first place to a lucky incident, which nothing less than our mighty Mother herself could have thrown in my way.

As I was meditating an exordium against lexicography, I chanced to open a book, even the Dictionary of the learned *Littelton*, an author to whom, in the way of business, I am daily and hourly endebted. In his *Preface*, which I thought might help out mine, I found *(nescio quo numine Divûm!)* the three latin distichs that so happily introduce the criticism: for ye must know that I take the Doctor's word for the Author, never having read *Scaliger* in my life.

After so successful a beginning, I naturally proceeded to damn the Analyst for the pains he had taken, as well as for those he cost me: for ye must again know that I never possessed

either root or branch of the french language. We ſcholars are far above the knowledge of modern tongues. Them we leave to *Valet-de-chambres*, *Analogiſts*, and their pupils. No more likely than deſirous then to comprehend any part of his plan, if he has any, I took the method which never hath failed us, when reſolved eaſily and effectually to deſtroy. I opened the firſt volume at a venture about the beginning, towards the end, and anywhere between thoſe extremes. From the firſt opening therefore I told the Readers that a paragraph or two would give them as clear an idea of our Author's plan, as of his *ſtile*, which I failed not to *italify* with the proper epithets. Now tacking, as our manner is, the bottom of one paragraph to the top of another; I next humbled in my own words what might have ſeemed too *elegant* in his (for *italification* ſometimes exhibits the truth); and then, the connexion duly disjointed, I quoted again, till aſſuring the gentle Reader he had enough, I tranſported him inſtantaneouſly to the next random-opening of the book, giving thus both it and him fair play; and immediately aſked him what he could think of the ſhred of a ſentence which I threw before him, and whether *Mr. Elphinſton* had *not expreſſed himſelf ſomewhat ſingularly?* Not waiting for any anſwer, which I had not indeed very well qualified him to make, I told him that my queſtion was a *criticiſm*, nay that it ſpoke a *crime*, in the Author, *for which we think him ſcarce pardonable.*

Pronouncing therefore the whole *a confuſed maſs*, (and ſuch it was to me) I finiſhed my own plan by jumping from the 19th to the 203d page, and there to a paſſage which I declared (what I thought it) *whimſical jargon*, a definition which, I thus fairly ſhewed the Public, might equally ſuit the whole work.

Nor muſt I conclude without hinting one circumſtance that finely perplexed the third paſſage I pitched on——certain figures, which I faithfully copied, without conceiving a poſſibility of their uſe; and which could not but have as happy an effect on our Readers, as they had on me. I have been ſince ſhewn indeed that thoſe figures are accounted for, immediately after my firſt quotation, in the following words:

'As the different ſtiles cannot be marked with too much 'preciſion, the firſt digit (1) notes the figurative, the ſecond '(2) the familiar, the third (3) the ſtile of law, and the fourth '(4) that of antiquity or the almoſt obſolete.'

But, brethren, what buſineſs had I with this paragraph? or rather, was it not my buſineſs to avoid it? Might I not quote what I pleaſed, and ſtop where I pleaſed? How elſe ſhould I have diſcharged the truſt repoſed in me? or how overthrown an enemy whom certain miſgivings in my own mind ſtill painted to me formidable? Ye will not wonder that the *digits* proved ſo commodious, when ye obſerve that a ſingle comma properly

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We ſhall not wonder at her triumphs over polite, even as well as barbarous idioms, where the comma at *even*, or no comma at all (for I found none) would have defeated my deſign?

A peal of applauſe bleſt once more the dextrous *Macmoloch*, in a form improved from the latin of the learned *Molierius*, with whom the Bench is almoſt as intimate as with *Scaliger*:

Bene, bene reſpondere!
Dignus, dignus eſt decrere
In noſtro docto corpore!

JUSTICE thus completely rendered on all hands, the ingenious Doctor ſignified ſome curioſity to review the trial of *Religion*, of whom mention had been made in the courſe of laſt debate; expreſſing alſo ſome regret that, by whatever misfortune, he had had no voice in her condemnation. The two envied authors of her doom were deſired to lay upon the table next inqueſt-day the proceedings againſt *Religion*, a poem; not only for the ſatisfaction of the curious, but as a precedent for future decrees.

At the preciſe hour appointed, in full council, the Recorder read as follows:

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The name of *Racine*, and the devout intention of his poem, (however the ſubject may be adapted for poetical diſplay or diſquiſition) would incline us to have paſſed over a tranſlation which does not appear to us to have done juſtice to *Racine*, nor ſeem likely to render any ſervice to his ſubject: but as the entire ſuppreſſion of a performance, we think ſo moderately executed, might be aſcribed to partiality, we ſhall ſubmit two fair ſpecimens of the tranſlation to the judgment of our readers. The firſt canto concludes thus,

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Through all thou ſpeak'ſt; but mens diſtracted lore,
Hears not thy voice, or minds not what it ſays.
To us thy wonders while the world diſplays;
Charm'd with the goods thou haſt on earth beſtow'd,
Our eyes ne'er trace the fountain whence they flow'd.
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Charm'd with the goods thou haſt on earth beſtow'd,
Our eyes ne'er trace the fountain whence they flow'd.
Still ſome new maſter does our hearts eſtrange,
For objects new our ſouls ſtill reſtleſs range;

While we remain but far from thee away.
What crime, what curſe has led us thus aſtray?
Are, O my God, our woes without reſource?
Let's ſound their depth, aſcend we to their ſource.
Now to my eyes the ſcene of man be free:
When I've known him, I'll know the better thee.

The fourth canto ſets out thus,

The cruſh of empires, and the fall of thrones,
The ſcatter'd nations, and the fields of bones;
Thoſe great reverſes, which the common ſort
Think they may juſtly name blind fortune's ſport,
Are ſports of him, who, maſter of our will,
Can bid our furies his beheſts fulfill,
And turn our paſſions, which way e'er they ſtray,
His perfect plan to honour and obey.
For what have conqu'rors by ambition done,
But made the *progreſs* of religion *run?*
Our hates, our wars, her glory have renew'd;
To tell her ſtory, is to make it good.

Theſe verſes are exactly tranſcribed from the tranſlation, and our readers perhaps may think them ſufficient to characterize the whole; but as the original, tho' much better expreſſed, avows the ſentiment of war's forwarding the progreſs of religion, if *Racine* extends it to the *Chriſtian* ſyſtem, we apprehend it is erroneous. *Mahometaniſm*, indeed, we have ſuppoſed propagated by the ſword, as the koran, we conceive, recommends: but ſurely this was not the precept of *Chriſt*, nor the caſe of true and primitive *Chriſtianity*, except the martyrdoms, perſecutions, and even voluntary ſufferings of its earlieſt profeſſors, were wars. If the author means to ſanctify the dragooning of *Hugonots*, and the bloody rage with which the depravations of *Chriſtianity* have been enforced, by making God the author and approver of ſuch for the cauſe of the church, we apprehend the ſentiment itſelf to be eſſentially irreligious, and conſequently inconſiſtent with the nature of his ſubject.'

'Ye may obſerve (and ye mind me) proceeds the Recorder, that here was no joking, but that *Religion* was fairly exploded by ſolid argument. We had not then commenced the pleaſanter and ſtill more powerful method; or the Judge who moſt excels in *the free and eaſy* muſt have been unfortunately abſent. But her buſineſs was done, no matter how.

Ye ſee that *the name of* Racine, *and the devout intention of his poem, would have inclined us to paſs over the tranſlation*, that is, to have left it uncenſured, becauſe it *did* not *appear to us to have done juſtice to* Racine, *nor ſeem likely to render any ſervice to his ſubject.*

ſubject. But as the entire ſuppreſſion of a performance, we thought ſo moderately executed, might be aſcribed *to partiality*——in its favour, we gave two ſuch ſpecimens as we ſaid might characterize the whole, to the latter of which we ſubjoined ſuch a commentary, as teſtified the juſtice we wiſhed done at once to the Author and Engliſher.

What they meant by war's promoting Religion, we could not comprehend: but the ſentiment, whatever it was, furniſhed a fine ſtricture at both. However, leſt comprehenſion ſhould (as it ſeldom does) any way ſpoil our ſport, we cautiouſly ſhunned peeping at the notes which the Author had ſubjoined to explain here and there his own meaning; and actually the very firſt that opens on this Canto, by elucidating the paſſage attacked, would have prevented the paragraph which knocks up the Poet, as the former had done the Tranſlator. It is this:

'*The cruſh of empires*, &c. When we conſider with Mr. Boſſuet, all the events of the world in this point of view, univerſal hiſtory becomes the hiſtory of Religion. "All empires," ſays he, "have concurred to the good of that Reli-"gion, and the glory of God, who hath made uſe of them "to chaſtiſe or exerciſe, to extend or protect his people."

But, venerable Brethren, let me here diſcloſe to you what may hitherto have eſcaped even your penetration. The parentheſis, which ſeemed ſo innocently to ſlip into the beginning of the criticiſm, unſuſpectedly hinted our main deſign; which, whatever he may do himſelf the honour to imagine, was not ſo much pointed even at the tranſlator, as at the ſubject. That, being only *Religion*, could be but poorly *adapted*, in whatever hands, *for poetical diſplay or diſquiſition*. Ye know that we *believe neither* Moſes, *nor the prophets*; nor *ſhould we be perſuaded* that *Religion* admits poetry, *though* any *one* elſe, though *Bolingbroke* himſelf, *aroſe from the dead* to tell it us. Next indeed to *Religion*, we did hate her friend: not *Racine*; for that to us was a mere name, no farther odious than by the cauſe it eſpouſed. We were in no danger of reading the original we talk of, though the Tranſlator had himſelf the confidence to put it into our hands for that purpoſe. Whether he thus braved us through ſecurity of his own ſkill or of our ignorance; and, whether tenderneſs to him or to ourſelves forbid our attempting to confront the verſion with any part of the original; we might moſt ingenuouſly ſay, that the tranſlation did not *appear* to us to have done juſtice to an original with which we could never, in ſpite of opportunity, compare it. But, to ſay the whole truth (which, whatever may be fancied, we ſometimes do; though this happening rarely, is never detected) our fear was, that too much juſtice had been done both to the ſubject and to the author (for this was too ſhrewdly ſurmiſed); and

this fear was the *partiality* to which our inclination to ſuppreſs the whole poem muſt be *aſcribed*. Much indeed did I labour (who will believe my diſintereſtedneſs?) to ſuppreſs the poem, while it groaned for the birth in my own elaboratory. But finding every art vain to ſtifle it there, all I could do was to prepare my oracles (though ſome even of theſe diſappointed me) to thunder down the moment it ſhould appear, what he had the unparallelled audaciouſneſs to make me the reluctant inſtrument of bringing to the world.

Ye ſee, therefore, Brethren, how ſuperiorly we criticiſed to the Compilers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who inſerted the following bald plan and ſpecimen, without pretending, like us, to criticiſe at all.

Gentleman's Magazine for *December* 1753.

Religion, a poem: with notes. From the French of the younger Racine. 3s. *Owen*.

This poem is divided into ſix cantoes. In the firſt, the being of God is proved by an illuſtration of nature. In the ſecond, the neceſſity of divine revelation is ſhown, by the inſufficiency of reaſon to diſcover other principles of morals and religion. In the third, the truth of ſcripture is eſtabliſhed upon the authority of prophecy, miracles, and the teſtimony even of its enemies. In the fourth, Chriſtianity is confirmed and illuſtrated, by its prevalence over perſecution. In the fifth, the objections againſt Chriſtianity, as myſterious, are obviated, by ſhowing that there are difficulties in every ſyſtem of Deiſm equally inſuperable by reaſon. And in the ſixth, the indolent are ſtimulated to learn, and to practiſe the divine morals of the goſpel; which are ſhown to enjoin no duty, to which, upon the principles of reaſon thus enlightened, the man of honour will not confeſs himſelf to be obliged.

Such is the general plan of this work: the reputation of the original is too well eſtabliſhed to make a criticiſm neceſſary; and the laſt eight verſes may ſerve as a ſpecimen of the tranſlator's ability to do juſtice to his author.

HOLY RELIGION, may my humble ſtrain
Sacred to thee, to that great day remain!
To one bleſt muſe, who breaths thy glory, give
With thee coeval that her name may live;
Her name——But what? ah! whither have I ſtray'd?
A heart entirely thine would pride invade?
Of each deſire be thou the rule and guide;
And be thy glory all thy poet's pride.

The tranſlator may fancy this, if he pleaſes, and ſo may his friends, a paragon of impartiality. But who ſees not the

difference between thoſe Reviewers and us? They thought no criticiſm neceſſary: we thought no plan neceſſary. They ſuppoſed the reputation of the original eſtabliſhed, and left their readers to judge of the verſion by the ſpecimen: we made no prepoſterous ſuppoſitions, and taught our Readers to judge, before we ſhewed them the end of one paragraph, and the beginning of another.

Some ſay,' continued the Recorder, 'that the Tranſlator of *Religion* has compliments upon his tranſlation from the firſt judges, nay firſt poets of the kingdom, particularly from the Author of the *Night-Thoughts*. Compliments from the firſt judges he may indeed boaſt, having ours both private and public. As for compliments of the poets, however oppoſite to ours, much good may they do him. We have taken care that they ſhall not weigh too much with our pupil the public, now happily cured of all prejudices to which it was formerly liable, in favour of that old-faſhioned friend of *Religion*, who has been our ſtanding enemy, the enemy of every judge on the bench, as of every power that inſpires it; a poet indeed, who long ago modeſtly told every one of us,

Thy Wiſdom all can do but——make thee wiſe;

nay farther blaſphemed our very *maſter*, and dared to call him a *Dunce*.

Among various opportunities which we have had, and hope to have of paying our *due* compliments to this (alas too!) celebrated author, we have even now done the two friends the pleaſure of bringing them together, nay of treating them alike (however unequal) within two pages of each other; having by one generous and ingenious contraſt endeavoured to make a poem known, which but for us perhaps had never been heard of, and to make a poem laughed at, (for we cannot make it unknown) which but for us had been read with unexceptioned admiration.'

Monthly Review for *April* 1754. Vol. X. p. 304.

The Relief; or, day-thoughts: a poem. Occaſioned by the *Complaint*; or, night-thoughts. 4to. 1s. *Robinſon*.

Tho' there is little order or regularity in this poem, and, in ſome parts of it, no great harmony in the numbers, yet it will give every conſiderate reader pleaſure, on account of the many excellent ſentiments it contains, and the ſpirit it breathes. The poet's deſign is to call off the thoughts of his readers from *tombs*, *church-yards*, *tolling midnight clocks*, from *ſable hearſes*, *nodding plumes*, and all the diſmal pageantry of death, to the contemplation of ſuch objects as are naturally adapted to gladden the human heart, and which the kind hand of our

beneficent

beneficent creator has ſpread around us with ſuch rich profuſion. The author is publickly ſaid to be Mr. *Henry Jones*, author of the earl of *Eſſex*, a late new play, and other poetical pieces. See *Review*, volume the eighth.'

FIVE years, and ten volumes, longer had the Inquiſitors continued to inſtruct, no leſs than delight mankind, when a ſmall poem ventured to appear, whoſe every feature ſpoke her an infant-ſiſter, if not daughter, of *Religion*. This however bearing no name of *Racine*, or any other than the odious one of *Hymn*, the cunning Court, after ſhort deliberation, reſolved to embrace the happy opportunity of ſuppreſſing, by the eaſy and infallible method, at once the *Hymn* and the *Hymniſt*.

The witty Doctor ſuggeſted a precedent, of which himſelf had been viſibly the author. 'Ye may remember, my judicious friends, how ſome years ago I ſtruck dead with one lucky flaſh, *The Madman* *, a ſatyr: as I did not ſuppoſe, with *Feſtus*, that much learning had made him mad, ſo I do not now ſuppoſe, with *Solomon*, that much wiſdom hath made the preſent poet ſing pſalms. Suppoſe therefore we return the Hymniſt into the Madman, what ſhall become of the Hymn, which, as far as I ſee, we muſt fulminate unſeen, if at all?

Surge, age, Belide, de tot modo fratribus unus!

cried the impetuous *Macmoloch*, tranſported beyond all human language but Latin;

Quem Jupiter vult perdere, dementat prius.

The Bench bowed to both, and the Doctor proceeded:

Monthly Review for *May* 1759. Vol. XVII. p. 475.

'*A Hymn after Sore Eyes. Compoſed on Eaſter-Day.*' Folio. 6 d. Owen.

The unfortunate Author of theſe unhappy Verſes, ſeems to labour under a worſe diſorder than that of ſore eyes. His friends, we hope, will take care of him, and ſee that he does no greater miſchief than ſpoiling a little paper.'

After thanks voted, and the ſentence recorded; 'Had we publiſhed,' ſays the Recorder, 'but one ſtanza of the poem, the Doctor's wit had been in danger, and the candour of the Court might have been controverted. But thus every end is anſwered, and all is ſnug. Little know our Readers, or ſhall know, that the Hymn runs thus:

* *Monthly Review* for *April* 1754. Vol. X. p. 305. *The Madman*, a ſatire. Folio, 6 d. *Swan*.

A raving rhapſody, juſtly intimated in the title-page, to be the product of a crazy poet: but there ſeems no room to ſuppoſe, with *Feſtus*, that much learning hath made him mad.

A HYMN

A Hymn *after Sore Eyes. Compoſed on Eaſter-Day.*

TO Thee, exhauſtleſs Source of light,
My, humbleſt, higheſt, praiſe be paid,
For this thy gift regiv'n of ſight,
When ſtruggling Art confeſt thine aid.

Mine eyes unvail'd adore thy reign
Benignant to the ſons of men!
May but my carol not profane
The marvels that amaze my ken.

By pride when rebel-angels fell,
The vacant heavenly thrones to fill,
Thy Goodneſs deign'd (let Rapture tell!)
Ours mid the wanting worlds to will.

Thine eldeſt word from Nature's womb
Earth's dormant embryon underſtood:
Be Light, and Light from out the gloom
Diſplay'd her elements were good.

I ſee the vaſt Expanſe extend,
Where finer fluids lightly ride;
See human hopes, unhop'd, depend,
Exalted from the vulgar tide.

The floods diſparting own thy pow'r,
Young Earth erects her brow ſerene:
Adorn'd with herb and fruit and flow'r,
She glads my eyes with ev'ry green.

Of light and heat hail center'd Sire,
Who ſeem'ſt to circle circling ſpheres;
Hail, ſilver Queen, and ev'ry Fire,
That reckon days and months and years.

All fair-attemper'd to produce
Each ſpecies of each living kind,
Behold of every rank and uſe,
That wanton in the wave or wind!

And now I climb the arduous ſcale
Of riſing inſtinct round the ball;
From atoms where my optics fail,
To Man, by reaſon, lord of all:

Reaſon,

Reaſon, that bleſt precarious boon,
Which man juſt not to angel rais'd;
But which abus'd muſt ſink him ſoon,
Far more below the brute debas'd.

Yet nought the beauty, nought the bliſs,
Thy love has o'er creation pour'd;
Nought is Creation's ſelf to this,
That to thy very Self has tow'r'd!

What are the viſual vails withdrawn,
Or what the ſcenes of night and day,
To HIM who chas'd this bleſſed dawn
To beam our mental miſt away?

That wond'rous Child from Virgin ſprung,
Who fill'd the aged ears with aw!
That maſterly untutor'd tongue
Which maz'd the learned in the law!

A ſecond birth! how ſtrange a ſtrain!
A ſecond love who dare pretend?
Can ſons of pleaſure covet pain?
Can Spirit e'er with Fleſh contend?

How high the lowly, rich the poor!
What rapture 'tis to kiſs the rod!
To Senſe, 'tis contradiction ſure;
To Reaſon, 'tis the word of God.

One particle aſſembles all
The bliſs below and bliſs above;
That charming particle we call,
Unbounded, yet adapted——LOVE.

Hail, new Creation! theme ſublime
For who conceive but what they ſee,
Who place Eternity in Time,
And bound in Space Immenſity!

All Nature hears the Voice divine:
Be ſtill, and ſtill the tempeſts ly;
The loaves enlarge, the water's wine;
Diſeaſe and Death and Demons fly!

Hail Love, that Deity brought down,
The only friend of creature-foes;
Who ſtoopt to man, faln man to crown:
For man he liv'd, he di'd, he roſe!

Hail,

Hail, mighty Advocate of ours,
Who ſent'ſt ſuch ſolace to our pain,
To ſhed thy graces and thy pow'rs,
To hallow and mature thy reign!

With Angels then of each degree
Let each degree of Humans raiſe
Glad voice to hymn the Majeſty
Whoſe glories Heaven and Earth emblaze!

Then to the SIRE and SON and DOVE,
One Holy, Holy, Holy three,
The ſpring of light and life and love,
All kingdom, pow'r and glory be!'

The Court confeſſed, as it well might, the Recorder's ſagacity; not however without ſome ſcoffs from the Divine at the Moſaic plan here *blindly* followed, as well as at the Doxology in the concluſion. The Recorder, who ſeconded the ſtrictures of his brethren, could not but add his own ſneer at *humans* and *regiv'n*, which he ſhrewdly hinted might be as good engliſh as *romans* and *retak'n*, though not yet *quite* ſo common. And here he acted in his own department: for of the works that come into his hands, he ſeldom takes the trouble of improving the thoughts, but always corrects the ſtile.

THE ſacred Court perſevered thus four years longer to iſſue its periodic fulminations, with little other oppoſition than ſufficed from time to time to quicken its generous ardor. Its learning was now digeſted into judgement, and its wiſdom exalted into ſpirit. Works civil and ſacred, ſcientific and ingenious, had been always treated with equal freedom, but gradually with greater eaſe, as practice in things mental or mechanical, cannot but advance towards perfection.

Wit and Humor flowed now in ever-ſwelling tides. Nor were the ſentences always ſevere even upon pious convicts: neither did the Bench always grudge to quote (where ſuppreſſion would for all concerned have been fully as ſafe) large portions of certain well-meant poems; witneſs

Monthly Review for *February* 1763. Vol. XXVIII. p. 112.

The Magdalens, an Elegy. By the Author of the Nunnery. 4to. 6 d. Dodſley.

WE have once before had occaſion to obſerve, that there is an imitative as well as an original Genius for the fine arts. But this is more particularly true in Poetry and Painting. A mind not ſufficiently daring or creative,

may yet be ſo capable of ſenſible impreſſions, as to catch and reflect the features of an object it has contemplated, with great exactneſs.

The Author of the poem before us appears to be of this claſs. The Nunnery (ſee Review, Vol. XXVI. p. 358.) was a parody on Mr. Gray's Elegy written in a Country Church-yard, and the marks of imitation (as Ariſtotle terms them) were very ſtriking. This we took notice of, and at the ſame time obſerved, that the poem was, in ſome places, ſufficiently poetical and harmonious; and in others, feeble, quaint, and inelegant. The ſame character, *totidem verbis*, will do for the Magdalens. The ſpirit and manner of Gray, the ſtructure of his verſification, and the ſober melancholy of his imagery and ſentiment, are cloſely imitated. The Copyiſt fails chiefly in expreſſion. He is not deficient in the Pathos; for in this little Elegy he has exhibited almoſt every circumſtance of affecting Diſtreſs, that his ſubject was capable of; but (what, indeed, is a principal article in poetry) he is unable to gain a paſſage through the ear to the heart, being unhappily defective in melody and eaſe. He deſerves, however, to be treated with all poſſible tenderneſs, being modeſt enough to acknowledge that he is

——little ſkilful of poetic ſtrain,
Whoſe pleaſing muſic takes the tuneful ear.

It is remarkable enough, that he ſhould be ſo very ſenſible where his defect lies. A rare virtue this in Authoriſm!

There are ſome ſtanzas, however, in this performance, that may be read with approbation, if not with pleaſure. Among theſe the following contain natural reflections, and agreeable deſcription.

Are theſe the Fair that wont with conſcious grace,
Proud Ranelagh's reſplendent Round to tread?
Shine in the ſtudied luxury of dreſs?
And vie in beauty with the high-born Maid?

The ſmiling ſcenes of pleaſure they forſake,
Obey no more Amuſement's idle call,
Nor mingling with the ſons of Mirth partake
The treat voluptuous, or the feſtive ball.

For ſober weeds they change their bright attire,
Of the pearl bracelet ſtrip the graceful arm,
Veil the white breaſt that lately heav'd deſire,
And thrill'd with tender exquiſite alarm:

Unbraid

Unbraid the cunning treſſes of the hair,
And each well-fancied ornament remove,
The glowing gem, the glittering ſolitaire——
The coſtly *ſpoils* of proſtituted Love!

The Author's attempt to conciliate the world to his unhappy Penitents, is truly humane, and muſt give pleaſure to every Reader.

No more compare them to the ſtately flower,
Whoſe painted foliage wantons in the gale:
They look the lilly drooping from the ſhower,
Or the pale violet ſickening in the vale.

Let not the Prude with acrimonious taunt,
Upbraid the humble tenants of this dome,
That Pleaſure's roſy bower they uſed to haunt,
And in the walks of looſe-rob'd Dalliance roam.

Some in this ſacred manſion may reſide,
Who loſt their parents in their infant years,
And, hapleſs orphans! trod without a guide
The maze of life perplext with guileful ſnares.

Some, on whom Beauty breath'd her choiceſt bloom,
While adverſe ſtars all other gifts remov'd,
Who fled from miſery and a dungeon's gloom
To ſcenes their inborn virtue diſapprov'd.

The different ſubjects of their diſtreſs under the influence of Repentance, are not leſs pathetically deſcribed. The following ſcene, in particular, muſt affect every ſenſible heart.

The torturing hour of memory this may prove,
Who rapt in penſive ſecrecy forlorn,
Sits muſing on the pledges of her love,
Expoſed to chilly want, and grinning ſcorn:

Left by their father in the time of need,
Juſt in th'unfolding bloſſoms of their age!
"Was this, Seducer, this the promiſe meed?"
She cries; then ſinks beneath Affliction's rage.

We would adviſe the Author, in his future productions, not to ſuffer his expreſſion to fall ſo low as he has ſometimes done in this, particularly in the two verſes printed in Italics.'

With what candor allows the learned Critic, that the poet

deſerves

*deſerves to be treated with all poſſible tenderneſs, being modeſt enough * to acknowledge that he is*

———little ſkilful of poetic ſtrain;

a leſs candid critic would have aſked him, why then he attempted what he knew he did not underſtand, or why the public muſt be troubled either with his ignorance or his acknowlegement. But our generous judge goes farther, and recommends the poem, becauſe of *ſome ſtanzas* which he finely diſcerns *may be read with approbation, if not with pleaſure.*

Another critic would have ſaid, that ſome ſtanza's never ſaved any, however they may have condemned many a poem. Yet muſt we not charge this *Reviewer* with a crime, of which none of the Bench was ever ſuſpected——that of coinciding in ſentiment with him who ſaid,

For fools applaud; but men of ſenſe approve.

Poor *Pope* ſaw that men of ſenſe might approve without applauſe; but ſaw not far enough to ſee that they might alſo approve without pleaſure.

But if ever fraternity, not to ſay friendſhip, could dim an Inquiſitor's eyes, ſome partiality here might be indulged. For who ſees not the ingenious Doctor in the Author as confeſt as the ingenuous *Macmoloch* in the Critic? No other cauſe could have aſſigned to the latter the poetic department, which was the unrival'd right of the former. Beſides, who perceives not the Doctor's peculiar devices in the verſified proſe and blank rime; nay the meaning of the *natural reflections, and agreeable deſcription*, preciſely what meaning the Author pleaſed or the Reader pleaſes? Nor could anything *conciliate* the Bench to ſo

* But that Modeſty does not always find Mercy, we ſee in another article, which requires no comment.

Monthly Review for *February* 1763. Vol. XXVIII. p. 161.

The Winter-Piece: A Poem. Folio. 1s. Briſtow.

This Author modeſtly acknowleges that Poetry is not his *buſineſs*; and we cannot conceive what buſineſs he had with Poetry. He pleads that it hath *been very ſeldom his practice*, and we hope this will be the laſt time. 'Tis true, he has not ſo far miſtaken his talent, as to grow vain of his performances; for he ſeems to expect but a ſmall ſhare of fame, from the preſent publication: of which he tells us that he is 'little ſolicitous whether it may endure the revolution of years to come, or enjoy but the ſhort *immortality* of a *month*.'——In brief, there is much more merit in the Author's modeſty, than in his verſes: of which take the following couplet as a ſpecimen. Old *Hyems*, he tells us, trembling at the decree iſſued by the ſovereign goodneſs, in behalf of ſuffering nature, which the ſaid *Hyems*, or *Winter*, had uſed very roughly, thus makes his retreat:

Eurus and Boreas turn their tails and fly,
And bear him backward down the northern ſky.

The circumſtance of Eurus and Boreas turning their tails and flying, or letting fly, cannot but remind our readers, of the action of the winds in Cotton's Virgil. There are ſome other droll paſſages in this Poem; but, on the whole, it is too dull to deſerve farther notice.'

hetero-

heterogeneous a ſubject, unleſs the name of the Editor, or the hand of a Brother, at leaſt by the Mother's ſide.

SUCH ſingular tenderneſs cannot often be expected, eſpecially when both the matter and manner call aloud for indignation. Whether the Critic of *The Magdalens*, having found a talent hitherto a ſecret even to himſelf, continued to improve the pleaſing diſcovery, or whether the poet did not reaſſume the poetic judge; or whether, which ſeems moſt probable, they did not, by combining wit and learning, divide the glory of the following article, is not entirely decided. But evident it is, whoever be the Critic or Critics, that neither the matter nor the manner has been found to deſerve any quarter.

Monthly Review for *February* 1763. Vol. XXVIII. p. 151.

The Bloſſoms of Helicon. By W. Woty. 12mo. 3s. ſewed. Flexney.

THIS Parnaſſian Gardener, who entertains us with his Shrubs and Bloſſoms, ſeems to be ſuch a Genius as that *Faber imus*, who, as the Poet tells us, could hit off a nail, or a love-lock, but could never finiſh a portrait. We know not whether Mr. Woty may be ſenſible of his imperfection as a Poet, or whether he may not have drank too deep a draught of praiſe: for our parts, we acknowledge, that we encouraged him in the cultivation of his Shrubbery, rather from the hopes of a more valuable after-growth, than from any great opinion of what he had reared before: but we find that he was deſtined never to riſe above the Temple of Mediocrity; and that theſe poems which he calls Bloſſoms, are, indeed, only ſuch as are produced by the loweſt and moſt ordinary Shrubs of Parnaſſus:

——*Arbuſta, Humileſque Myricæ.*

But let us ſit down to this "Aſinine feaſt of ſowthiſtles and brambles," as Milton hath it.

We have often wondered at the modeſty of Horace, in the two following verſes:

Deſcriptas ſervare Vices, operumque Colores,
Cur Ego, ſi nequeo, ignoroque, poeta ſalutor?

Many have claimed, and ſome have obtained, the title of Poets, who were, nevertheleſs, entirely ignorant of managing that variety of deſcription and colouring of which the Critic ſpeaks. The tuneful Mr. Thomas D'Urfey knew little of theſe arts, and yet he was famous in his time; as little ſeems Mr. W.

Woty to underſtand them; yet, if we prognoſticate aright, he ſhall play a ſecond fiddle in the Durfeian band.

The firſt poem that appears in this collection, is a verſification of part of the firſt book of the Death of Abel: but of this we ſhall not ſay much, as the imagery belongs not to the Tranſlator: yet where he has improved upon his original, we muſt not be totally ſilent. His deſcription of Abel's hair is curious; for, behold! the ringlets that ſhade his *brow*, play upon his *ſhoulders*:

> Abel, whoſe forehead high was decked with ſhade
> Of comely ringlets of the paleſt brown,
> That o'er his ſhoulders in luxuriance play'd.

A little farther it is ſaid of this ſame Abel, that

> ——————A manly, graceful air
> Of thought was added to his brow ſerene,
> Each heightening each.

By this it appears, that his thought heightened his brow, and that his brow alternately heightened his thought: truly a moſt beautiful reciprocation! But his wife, Thirza, was moſt enamoured of his veil:

> But yet the veil he wore
> So raviſhingly caught his Thirza's eyes,
> That thro' the veil the heavenly angel ſhone.

This imagery is ſomething between the ſurprizing and the myſterious: his wife was ſo raviſhed with his veil, that the angel ſhone through it.

This Poet, in his ſtanzas on Truth, acquaints us, that "Hebe guards the luſtre of her face." By which he alludes, no doubt, to the cuſtom of ſlaves guarding the faces of their Indian Queens from the ſun, with fans and umbrellas. Moreover he tells us, that Truth never "looks a thought that ſhe would wiſh to hide," by which he proves the great wiſdom of Truth, in not ſhewing her ſentiments, when ſhe wants to conceal them.

In his Ode for the New-Year, Mr. Woty has moſt happily imitated his elder brethren Mr. D'Urfey, and Mr. Colley Cibber; the following verſes being written in the true ſtrain of thoſe admired Bards:

Britons,

Britons, one and all, come hither!
Whither do ye fly? ah, whither!
Stop, and hear the voice of Time
Sounding bleſſings on your clime.

What a pretty thought, to ſuppoſe the Britons all running the Lord knows whither, at the ſight of the New-Year! But it is the peculiar property of a fine imagination, to conceive extraordinary things.

In his poem entitled, "Mr. Garrick in the Shades," he repreſents that Gentleman as a Hero, but yet very humble and thankful for the honours conferred upon him:

In modeſt attitude the *Hero* ſtood,
(For *manly* diffidence depreſt his mind)
With great humility he thank'd 'em all,
And to their hands the gifts again reſign'd.

With what uncommon propriety is the epithet *manly* joined to diffidence! And then his thanking them all, is ſo natural! Juſt ſo, it is ſaid, did the Cherokee Warrior, upon his departure from Britain, expreſs himſelf; graſping the hand of an old woman, *I tank ye*, ſaid he, *I tank ye all!*

The Hymn on the approach of May, contains much curious imagery. The Author evinces his delicacy, when he blames the lilly for being ſo immodeſt as to ſhew her breaſt:

Rude grows the lilly, and unfolds its breaſt,
White as the fleece that decks the vernal ſky.

Quite rude, indeed! for ſhame, Mrs. Lilly! for ſhame!

The ſwallow twitters on the chimney-top.

Chimney-top! theſe are what Horace calls the *Dominantia nomina rerum*. Doubtleſs they are much more eaſy and natural than the expreſſion of the penſive Gray!

The ſwallow twittering on the ſtraw-built ſhed.

How do all true Durfeian Bards admire and love each other! Mr. Woty has introduced, with great praiſe, an Hymn to Good Nature, written by his friend, the *poetical* and *pious* Mr. Dodd. Hear how feelingly this Bard deſcribes the *Begetting* of Good Nature:

——————Thou waſt born
Of Tenderneſs, the woodland fair, whom erſt
Strong Senſe, thy Sire *robuſt*, in greenwood ſhade,
Faſt by a brook, which babbles thro' the dell,
By ruſſet fern ſurrounded; whom he met,
As wearied from the chace, he ſought the ſtream,
To ſlake his thirſt, and graceful bore his bow
Unſtrung upon his ſhoulder:—there he met,
He ſaw, he lov'd, and to his fond embrace
Woo'd her, and won; *and cropt the precious roſe*
Of her virginity: while Hymen's torch
Blaz'd with a double ſplendor: thou, ſweet nymph,
Waſt the lov'd produce of their firſt young bliſs,
Good Nature, ſprung from *Tenderneſs*; the Bride,
And *manly* Senſe, the *jolly*, *happy* Groom.

Obſerve, Reader, the propriety of making *Tenderneſs* a woodland Fair, and *Good Senſe* a Hunter. Then—O the robuſt, the manly, jolly, happy Groom, that cropt the roſe of her virginity! With what ardour muſt our remaining friends at Margate, (that is, our friends who remain at Margate) to whom this Hymn is inſcribed, have peruſed this paſſage! with what fervor muſt they, both male and female, have contemplated this happy ſcene!

The creation of new images is the greateſt difficulty that a Poet has to ſtruggle with. Something, however, in this way, muſt be done, when his ſubject has been treated by many other Bards. Solitude, for inſtance, is a common theme; but Mr. Woty has, nevertheleſs, been ſo happy as to ſtrike out a new image, when he treats of it:

——Loveſt thou the gloom
Of copſe thick hazel'd, where from mouldering ſtump
Iſſues the crawling adder?

Copſe thick-hazel'd was nothing new. Wiſely, therefore, does the Author repreſent the crawling adder iſſuing out of the ſtump. What a pleaſing ſcene is this! and how natural was it to aſk Solitude, if ſhe loved ſuch a ſcene! For, doubtleſs, an adder is a moſt beautiful innocent creature, and one would chuſe to retire to a place where it might be moſt likely to iſſue forth and crawl about. Accordingly the Poet tells *Solitude*, that if ſhe ſhould chuſe ſuch a place, ſo ſhould he too.

There is a ſtile in poetry which may be called the TURBULENTIFEROUS, where the words, like the horſes of the ſun under the conduct of Phaeton, ruſh forward without controul,

and

and ſcatter, as they fly, the ſhining fragments of ſentiment. Thus have they done with Mr. Woty:

The vivid ſpring of Nanny's artleſs eyes
Around the borders of my fancy blooms.
With her dull Reaſon's deſert would I quit,
And tune my feelings to the ſtretch of paſſion.
With her I'd play upon the wrecks of Fate.

Moſt pathetic is the imagery and expreſſion of our Poet, when he bewails the death of the late King:

Then frequent ſobbings from his boſom ſtole,
That ſpoke the pathos of his ſoul.
Full bitterly he wept—and weeping, ſaid—
The good old King—the venerable George is dead.

O Miſericordia! Was ever any thing ſo lamentable! But he wiſely endeavours to take off thoſe woeful impreſſions which the preceding ſtanza muſt needs have left upon the mind, by ſpeaking words of comfortable import:

————I will not mourn;
'Tis vain to wiſh his dear return:
I will not mourn, he deign'd to ſay,
Since Britons bow the knee unto his Grandſon's ſway.

We may challenge all the elegiac Sons of Iſis and of Camus to match the laſt line in dignity and force of expreſſion.

As movingly does this Poet bewail the death of Admiral Boſcawen. He even makes Neptune weep; who, to ſoothe his grief, calls the Tritons out of their chambers, and the Nereids out of bed; upon which the Tritons hang themſelves, and the Nereids pull the hair off their heads:

To mitigate his grief,
He calls the Tritons from their chambers green,
And every Nereid from her coral bed.
The Tritons iſſue from their chambers green,
And every Nereid from her coral bed
Up-riſes—and the woeful cauſe made known,
Each Triton hangs his wave-encircled head,
And every Nereid rends her liquid locks.

It is natural to riſe from the ſea into the clouds; thus, in the verſes that follow theſe, the Poet compares the deceaſed Admiral to a cloud, which cloud made England bright, and France

 dark.

dark. Wondereſt thou, Reader, how this could be effected? Then hear, and admire:

> Well may thy ſons, O Gallia, now rejoice
> Triumphing, well attune the ſounding chord,
> And ſwell the voice of muſic. *For the cloud*
> *That hung its ſplendid fleece athwart our iſle*
> *With influence benign, and all thy plains*
> *In darkneſs wrapt, is vaniſht into void.*

One would think, from the beginning of theſe verſes, that the French had a public concert upon Admiral Boſcawen's death; and who knows but it might be ſo?

Wonderful are the improvements which Mr. Woty has made in his paraphraſe of the ancient ballad of Chevy-Chace. As a ſpecimen of theſe, take the following ſpeech of Douglas:

> Enrag'd at this Earl Douglas ſwore—
> Inſult like this I never met before.
> An Earl thou art, Lord Piercy, ſo am I;
> I know thee well, and one of us ſhall die,
> Ere thus unaſk'd I will my rights reſign,
> Or ſhape the ſtructure of my will to thine.
> But truſt me, Piercy, 'twere a ſin to kill
> Theſe harmleſs men, for they have done no ill.
> 'Twere homicide unjuſt———

What a beautiful and unaffected eaſe is there in this line, "And *ſhape* the ſtructure of my will to thine!" Then what dignity and force has that repetition, "'Twere homicide unjuſt!" Soon after this we have another inſtance of the pathetic:

> To hear the groans of that ill fated day,
> The cries, that frighted every bird away.
> To hear the laſt ſad parting of the breath,
> And view each face diſtorted into death
> Would melt———

It would, in truth: it would melt,—what would it not melt!—"The cries that frighted every bird away," how very moving! it grieves one to the heart, to think of the poor birds being obliged to fly away, and, perhaps, to leave their neſts and their eggs behind them.

It is a received opinion, that when a perſon dies, his time is come; but Mr. Woty has diſcovered, that this was not the caſe with that lamented Hero, Witherington:

The

The hand of death deſtroy'd thy manly prime,
And ſnatch'd thee from the world *before thy time.*

The Paraphraſe on Chevy-Chace is followed by another poem of ſome length, entitled, The Man of Honour, in which Mr. Woty is very angry indeed, *ſed non facit Ira facundum.* Here are likewiſe ſeveral mock-heroic poems, in which all the little merit the Author has conſiſts. Many ſimple ſongs are here too, about Phillis, and Delia, and Love, and Streams, and Lambkins; for which we heartily wiſh Mr. Woty may be appointed to ſucceed Mr. What's his name, as Poet Laureat to Vauxhall and Ranelagh Gardens.'

It is plain that Mr. *Woty*, by preſuming to offer poetry without owning himſelf ignorant of it, and to claim new laurels without acknowleging at leaſt the generoſity of thoſe Critics who could alone confer the former; had not like title to tenderneſs with the preceding poet. The candid Inquiſitors therefore, like other great men, never aſhamed to correct an error even in themſelves, fairly pluck up the laurels they planted; finding the poet, for their *parts*, deſtined never *to riſe above the temple of Mediocrity.* Yet differing (as great Geniuſes will) almoſt always from vulgar interpreters, they cannot but wonder at *Horace*'s modeſty, where all others had confeſſed his judicious boldneſs. But as Modeſty proves often, if not always, even here, a title to tenderneſs, while they aſſign Mr. *Woty* the ſecond fiddle in the Durfeian band, they can ſcarce deny *Horace* the third.

Then learn we to laugh with the Critics——

1. if hair that ſhades the brow, play alſo upon the ſhoulders
2. if thought heightened ſerenity, and ſerenity thought, or if a brow ſerene was not a mere brow
3. if a vail ſeemed raviſhing to a wife, when an angel of a huſband ſhone through it
4. if Hebe guard the face of Truth, or if Truth preſerve perpetual bloom
5. if *manly* diffidence depreſs a hero, which never yet depreſſed an Inquiſitor
6. if *Garrick* and the *Cherokee* warrior be as like as Truth and the Indian Queen
7. if a lily is ſo indelicate as to *grow rude* when uncultivated
8. if one ſwallow dare to twitter on *a chimney-top*, while another twitters on *the ſtraw-built ſhed*
9. if all bards that love each other are not *Durfeian*
10. if any man can be both *pious* and *poetical*
11. if *Good-nature* can be the daughter of *Good-ſenſe* and *Tenderneſs*

12. if our *remaining friends* are our *friends that remain*
13. if the creation of *new* images be not harder than the creation of *old*
14. if a *copſe* can be but *thick-haſel'd*
15. if Solitude can admit an adder, and yet be pleaſing
16. if any one can hang his head, without hanging himſelf
17. if a cloud could make England bright and France dark, as of old the Iſraelites and Egyptians
18. if any one can ſhape a ſtructure
19. if *cries, that frighted every bird away*, could be moving for any other cauſe than that of obliging the *poor birds to fly away, and, perhaps, to leave their neſts and their eggs behind them*
20. if any one can dy *before his time*, or, in other words, an *untimely* death
21. if *Then, O——O Miſericordia! Moſt pathetic!* &c. be not convincing as well as convicting criticiſms.

Whatever were the motives of the candid Inquiſitors for revoking the favorable ſentence paſt before on this poet, and whatever amends they thus amply made to offended juſtice; they had nothing either to repent or amend with regard to another Author, towards whom they had already, with perfect uniformity, three times manifeſted their good-will no leſs than their good judgement, and to whom they have juſt ſeized a fourth occaſion of more than ever evidencing both; an occaſion which ſhall crown the documents exhibiting the conſtitution and practice of the high Court of free-britiſh Criticiſm, denominated the *Monthly Review.*

THE judges were ſeated in full convocation, when the Recorder began:

'Moſt equitable Judges and venerable Brethren, a name which one of us has always, and all of us have often publicly or privately labored to extinguiſh, becomes, in ſpite of our ingenious and ingenuous exertions, every day more known. We thought nine years ago to have ſuppreſt him even as a *Tranſlator.* Seven years ago we analyſed him as an *Analyſt.* Four years ago we fairly bereft him of reaſon as well as rime; and now he has the front, in open contempt of our decrees and defiance of our authority, to offer to the public at once rime and reaſon, not indeed as a Tranſlator, but as an Original; on a ſubject too, almoſt as odious to us as *Religion* itſelf, and (if poſſible) ſtill leſs capable of poetical diſplay or diſquiſition; a ſubject indeed as cloſely connected with that which we have conſtantly endeavored to ſuppreſs, as with the ſphere of life to which the Author has been always devoted.

He has not therefore ignorance to urge in his own favor, nor dares he ſay that Poetry is not his buſineſs; and if with *Religion Education* muſt ſtand or fall, with *Education* muſt now or never

never her Bard be overthrown. To his family I have ſuch obligations, and to himſelf done ſuch injuries, as I can forgive neither it nor him. To it I ow my all: to me therefore he ſhall ow his nothing. He knows me——therefore none ſhall know him, if I can help it. At any rate my fortune is made, and ſo my fame is ſecure: both his fortune and (conſequently) his fame are ſtill at ſtake. Upon his ability in his preſent ſubject turns his character in life: with one we ſhall deſtroy the other. Verſed as I am however in criticiſm, and ſpirited as ye know me againſt every thing of his, yet for various reaſons, needleſs to be ſpecified to the penetrating Bench, I aſk not to undertake the preſent inqueſt. To the hints I have premiſed, I ſhall only add my humble opinion, that whatever can beſt mine both the plan and execution (which I fear are both abominably fortified) will anſwer moſt effectually our innocent purpoſe. The jocular is the word then: you know who is the Spirit. I waſh my hands of the criticiſm, which I may well truſt in yours: but whatever it may be, as a brother of the Bench, though a brother of the Author, my office obliges me to record it.

Frater fraterrimus, cried the cunning *Macmoloch*, you are as clear of the matter, as of the maxim, *Qui facit per alium, facit per ſe*; and if you modeſtly mean, as I am confident you do, *Detur digniori*, or rather *digniſſimo*, who can ſit upon *Education*, but one (I hope, not undiſtinguiſhed, in humble proſe at leaſt) of that numerous fraternity, who equally claim her acquaintance, but whom ſhe ungratefully as totally denies to have known? or who can ſo well chaſtiſe her and her ſon too, as he who heretofore evinced his intimacy with the one, and his affection for the other, to the general ſatisfaction of the Board, when he analyſed the *Analyſis*?

Without diſparagement, ſaid the poetic judge, to the *diſtinguiſhed* merit of the modeſt *Macmoloch*, and without diſputing his good-will either to the ſubject or the Author, I humbly hope that I need not at this day aſſert my at leaſt equal kindneſs for both, any more than my hitherto-undiſputed prerogative of preſiding, wherever Pleaſantry is the plaintif and Poetry the defendant.

The Doctor's claim was too good not to be ſuſtained. Without going out of Court, he therefore proceeded, to the inextinguiſhable merriment of the Bench, in the following manner:

Monthly Review for *February* 1763. Vol. XXVIII. p. 103.

Education; *in Four Books*. By James Elphinſton. 8vo. 3s. ſewed. Vaillant.

IT hath long been a ſubject of complaint, that School-Maſters in general, however verſed in language and ſcience, are greatly deficient in point of taſte and ingenuity; and more particu-

particularly in that knowledge of human life and manners, which is neceſſary to give a liberal turn to Education. It appears to be the intention of our Author, therefore, to diſtinguiſh himſelf from the herd of Pedagogues, and at once to ſhew the world the delicacy of his taſte, the ſublimity of his genius, and his profound knowledge of mankind.

Happy is it for all Parents in South-Britain, that they may now know where to ſend their children, without running any danger of being impoſed on, by the pretenſions of ignorance or impudence, by the pompous advertiſements of the aſſuming, or the partial recommendations of the illiterate. Lucky is it alſo, for the fondled Youths of this metropolis, that they need not be ſent above a mile or two out of town, to play at hide-and-ſeek with the nine Muſes, and have a game of hop-ſcotch even with Apollo himſelf.—But to let the work ſpeak for its Author.

From the modeſt ſimplicity of the title, our Readers might poſſibly conceive it to be a mere didactic performance, and that even of the loweſt, the proſaic, kind: we are to acquaint them, however, that it is a narrative and deſcriptive, and even in ſome ſenſe a dramatic, as well as a didactic piece; that, inſtead of being written in groveling proſe, it is heightened by the force of numbers, and embelliſhed with the moſt ſingular graces of poetry. In juſtice, therefore, to our Bard, as well as out of regard to the importance of the ſubject, we ſhall juſt give a ſketch of his deſign, with ſome few ſpecimens of the *maſterly* manner in which it is executed.

The Poet begins his firſt book with relating how EDUCATION (who, by a beautiful figure in rhetoric, is here elegantly perſonified) went about in ſearch of a *ſite*, or proper place in the neighbourhood of London, for ſettling herſelf, and her darling ſon, in ſome good houſe, at the head of a Boarding School; the rebuffs ſhe met with in this peregrination, being very ſatirically and feelingly related. The firſt perſon ſhe addreſſed on this occaſion, we are told, was a Lord; by the ſequel, however, it appears it could only have been a Lord Mayor, this ſagacious perſonage telling her, among other things, that

> The Lawyer's Latin is not taught at ſchool,
> Nor Doctor's hi'roglyphics learnt by rule.

He admits, indeed, that

> To read, and write, and cypher, all muſt know,
> Whate'er they purpoſe, or where'er they go;
> The three great arts by which may ſoon become
> A ſon of Commerce parent of a plum:
> To dance, and fence, and draw compleat the plan,
> While talking French ſublimes the Gentleman.

He objects, however, to the expediency of Literature, and ſhrewdly aſks her,

Who would in muſty mines of learning dig,
That can go Midſhipman or Guinea-pig?

To all which, with more to the ſame purpoſe, he adds,

Thus have you ſeen how well we do without you:
So, learned Madam, you may look about you.

A ſecond perſonage, who, by his bluntneſs, ſeems to have been a Citizen too, ſends her packing alſo, with a flea in her ear, full as abruptly.

Soon to another as ſhe told her name,
Her occupation, and for what ſhe came;
"Miſtreſs, I ſee, and ſee without reproach,
Your feet your horſes, or a ſtage your coach.
But tho' your tongue is ſmooth enough, and tho'
You may be what you ſay, for aught I know;
Is't poſſible that you ſhould e'er pretend
To aſk my premiſes for ſuch an end?
I ſpeak it without pride—nay, do not ſtare;
They've ſerv'd an Alderman, and might a May'r.
I'd recommend, were any ſuch hard by,
An empty barn, old ſtable, or a ſty."

Our Wanderer next meets with a certain Squire, who offers her an old manſion, on a repairing leaſe; this however, not anſwering her purpoſe, ſhe ſtrolls about till ſhe fixes on a moſt charming place, indeed!

Where beauteous Flora with *Pomona* vi'd,
To ſow, and plant, and prune, and educate their pride.

Here, therefore, by the advice of Vertumnus, whom ſhe happened to meet in one of the adjoining fields, ſhe determined to fix her temporary abode; with a view only, as it appears, to initiate her favourite in the myſteries of her art. For, ſhe obſerves to him,

——————if trees to rear,
Pomona's ſons muſt ſerve a ſeven-long year;
So here muſt thou my nobler art to reach:
He that would teach to learn, muſt learn to teach.
Train'd to my lore the term expir'd ſhall ſee
Thee worthy of a ſite, a ſite more worthy thee.

Some

Some ſuperficial Critics have objected againſt the propriety of a man's ſetting up an academy of his own, in order to acquire the knowledge of teaching; pretending that he ſhould have put himſelf apprentice to the Maſter of ſome other ſchool. But they do not conſider that Mrs. Pedia, or Education herſelf, took both the Maſter and Scholars under her peculiar direction; ſo that what theſe Witlings advance, about the Scholars being at firſt ſacrificed to the experiment, like poor Patients in an hoſpital, is groundleſs. Let this, however, have been as it may, Pedia having eſtabliſhed her ſon, and made a ſhort prayer for his ſucceſs, proceeds to lay down her rules for the tuition and inſtruction of youth.

In the beginning of book the ſecond, ſhe gives ſome cautions, in regard to the Education of the fair ſex; and then proceeds to diſcuſs the point, whether a public or private Education be the moſt eligible; preferring the former, on account of the emulation which prevails in one, and is wanting in the other. In the warmth of her zeal, indeed, ſhe paſſes the higheſt encomium on the good effect of her *whetter*, EMULATION, of which we ſhall ſpecify only the following ſimile.

So minds maturer vie in life's career,
By hope incited, or allay'd by fear.
Each paſſes, each as thou enflam'ſt their ſoul,
'Till mutually ſublim'd they reach the goal.
Nor ſtop'ſt thou there—but fir'ſt the heav'nly hoſt,
Who ſhall ſtill higher hymn Sire, Son and Holy Ghoſt.

But Pedia proceeds,

Yet not each youthful throng, yclept a ſchool,
Has ſeen my charmer, or confeſt my rule.
Unnumber'd ſchools have fill'd, nay fill'd the faſter,
That neither ſhe nor I e'er knew the Maſter.
Some Critics eye the polity and ſtate;
The dame that nurſes, and the ſlaves that wait.
Some ſcan the manſion, or ſurvey the lands,
Each minding moſt, what moſt each underſtands:
While others go a ſchooling as a ſhopping,
With no more view than children go a hopping.

Mrs. Pedia is, indeed, particularly ſevere on ſuch capricious parents as go a ſchool-hunting, without knowledge or judgment to direct them in their choice. While they knew no better, however, we cannot but think they were in ſome degree excuſable. But as Education herſelf hath now condeſcended to direct them, we muſt deem them unpardonable, for the future, if they heſitate a moment to ſend their darling ſons to hers.

The

The laſh of her ſeverity next falls on thoſe unqualified Pedagogues, who take upon themſelves the important taſk of Education without her leave, and affect to retail her precepts, though they know nothing of the matter.

In ſyſtem'd ſong I ne'er was tun'd before,
Though without me no Genius e'er could ſoar.
Milton diſdain'd me not; but had he ſung,
My name with Eve's, around the world had rung.
As Bird-catchers pretend to ſkill in birds,
So Boy-catchers announce my art in words;
Nor only words: to their, not my diſgrace,
Many have daub'd, who never ſaw my face.

It is, doubtleſs, a pity, that ſuch a ſubject ſhould not have been tuned in ſyſtem'd ſong before, and, indeed, ſung to ſome tune too! This, however, may have been only the effect of negligence; and, we hope, is now amply compenſated. But as to thoſe ungracious Pedagogues, who could be guilty of ſuch a pitiful trick as to come behind a Lady and daub her face; we know not what to ſay to them, as in truth we do not underſtand the meaning of ſuch dirty doings.

The remainder of this book is employed in recommending the philoſophy of tops and balls, and celebrating the ſcholaſtic exerciſes of fives, taw, cricket, huſtlecap, and ſhuttle-cock.

In book the third, Education continues her injunctions, authorizing her choſen Preceptors, in caſe fair means will not do, to call in the aid of Mrs. Birch, or the Ferula, and to proceed to flagellation. Of this, however, it cannot be ſaid ſhe does not give the Pupils fair warning.

What faſcination binds the ſtubborn crew?
Or what idolatry, ye rebels, you?
If neither hope, nor honour, virtue's ſpur,
Can prompt your pleaſure, or prevent demur;
If to bland Reaſon's voice ye will not yield,
Know that your Lord reluctant arms ſhall wield,
And from my fane expel you by the rod.

Pedia next proceeds to excite the emulation of both Tutors and Pupils, by recording the merit of the moſt celebrated Geniuſes of ancient and modern times.

Book the fourth, opens with a ſolemn benediction, intimating, that the united abilities of all thoſe ancient and modern Worthies ſhould be diſplayed in her favourite ſon, and make him capable of forming the Artiſt, the Merchant, the Sailor, the Soldier, the Phyſician, the Lawyer, the Stateſman, and the Divine. The precepts that follow, are accordingly more particularly

ticularly addreſſed to Mr. E——, and are apparently calculated for his emolument; being adapted to the ſeveral kinds of Pupils that may come under his care: to all of whom literature and ſcience are declared in ſome degree neceſſary: ſo that even of the Sailor ſhe ſays,

Caſt him not letterleſs on Neptune's care:
For whoſo fails a Cub, returns a Bear.

Education now gives a ſketch of the ſeveral characters juſt enumerated; we ſhall quote only a few lines from the firſt and the laſt. Of the ARTIST it is ſaid,

He reſts not in effect, but ſcans each cauſe;
And edifies his art on nature's laws.
His ſphere he thus to reputation brings,
In ſcience verſant as expert in things.
Th' ingenious court him, and the great careſs,
If not an A. M. yet an F. R. S.

Of the DIVINE,

Where'er he prays, an angel intercedes:
Where'er he preaches, none can ſay, he reads.
The Orator fills even Kings with awe,
When in his Maſter's name he deals his law;
When peace on earth, and glory in the high'ſt,
He preaches not himſelf, but Jeſus Chriſt.

Madam Pedia having ended her inſtructions, her ſon replies,

——————without delay
Whate'er thou bidd'ſt, unargu'd I obey.
Bold is the enterprize thou doſt indite:
Yet I will dare, ſince thou haſt deign'd to light.

We are then told,

Six ſultry ſeaſons he purſued his toil,
Collecting various plants, of various ſoil.
When ſhe; My ſon, 'tis with *enormous* joy
I ſee my maxims all thy care employ.
Thy time's elapſt: 'twas never my deſign,
Thee noteleſs in a corner to confine;
I deſtin'd thee this ſweet receſs to grace,
'Till thou wert ripen'd for a nobler place.

This nobler place is the preſent reſidence of our Bard; which

is here very elaborately deſcribed, and concerning which Pedia tells him,

Little did Predeceſſor-lords foreſee,
That they built, planted, liv'd, and dy'd for thee.
The owner is my own; he'll ne'er refuſe
The manſion model'd for the Britiſh Muſe.

Whether, by the Britiſh Muſe, is meant that of our Author, we cannot take upon us poſitively to ſay; our Readers, however, will probably be able to judge, from the ample ſpecimens we have given of his tranſcendent merit in poetical compoſition.'

The Doctor ceaſed; the Bench ſhook with applauſe: the Defendant was fairly caſt; and verdict with coſts was given for the Plaintif. 'But ſuppoſing an appeal to the Public,' ſaid the ſtill-trembling Recorder, 'I ſhould be glad, and perhaps the other honorable members, to underſtand how Pleaſantry would behave as Defendant.' 'As well,' replied the Doctor, 'as in the other capacity, thus:

To the firſt paragragh in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, not the Author himſelf can make any objection.

The ſame may be ſaid for one half of the ſecond, while Truth is ſtill heightened in the other by the charms of Pleaſantry.

In the third paragraph, it was proper to *acquaint* our Readers, whom we juſtly hold as low as they hold us high, who *might* therefore *poſſibly conceive, from the modeſt ſimplicity of the title, the performance to be of the loweſt kind*, and who durſt not undeceive themſelves without our permiſſion, or might, if they durſt, read it without knowing, till we told them, what again cannot be denied, that the *didactic is heightened by the force of numbers, and embelliſhed with the moſt ſingular graces of Poetry.*

The Author may indeed object, but our Readers will not, that we promiſe *a ſketch of his deſign*, and, for whatever reaſon, have given none. Though we admire neither the deſign nor execution, I ſhould have choſen to ſuppreſs one as well as the other. For wholely as it was in our power to hide the plan from our Readers, ſuppoſing ourſelves had underſtood it, his Vanity may perſuade him that we could give no ſpecimen, however tackt, torn, or twiſted, without ſhowing more or leſs a maſter's hand. But Vanity is out of the queſtion when I aver, that if he is ſo perſuaded, he is ignorant indeed of our devices; and that if I have any critical merit at all, it lies not more in *ſarcaſm* than in *ſpecimen*. Little does he know that, by the art of quotation ingeniouſly employed, the moſt perfect work, in verſe or proſe, that ever appeared in the world, may be

be rendered ridiculous or unintelligible. Nor was this infallible maxim, as oft as we prove it, ever (I hope) more ſucceſſfully exemplified than in the caſe before us.

Our brother *Macmoloch* ſhowed long ago what ſmall circumſtances could do. I could not but join in his juſt praiſe; but compariſons are odious: my conduct ſhall ſpeak for its Author, and reflect (I flatter myſelf) no diſgrace upon the Bench who aſſiſted at the Trial, and then confirmed the ſentence.

The Figures, however numerous in the quoting art, ſeem reducible to a few: *Ellipſis* or Suppreſſion, *Metatheſis* or Tranſpoſition, *Enallage* or *Hypallage* or Tranſmutation, *Apocope* or Mutilation, and *Irony* or Ridicule, otherwiſe named the *italic* figure.

Of theſe the firſt has proved in this cauſe of the moſt ſignal ſervice. *Education* in the very name, ſimple as it was, announced ſome inſtruction, no leſs indeed than the *Art of rearing man.* We were obliged therefore to hint to our Readers, firſt that it was a poem, though it does not ſay ſo; and then that it was didactic, though we took care, that of the whole ſyſtem, not one maxim ſhould tranſpire. *Education*, if known, were almoſt as fatal to us as *Religion:* no wonder if we therefore endeavor, with all our power, to *ſuppreſs* one as well as the other.

Above one third therefore of the ſpecimens was ſelected from the Preface, another third from the Poſtſcript, both acceſſory embelliſhments (as perhaps the poet very *diſintereſtedly* thought them) the reſt conſiſting of ſuch ſcraps, as without the concomitance were abſolutely unintelligible, and therefore ridiculous.

But that the firſt quotation might prove ſtill more ſo than it could have done as it ſtood in the poem, I culled ten lines from the middle of a paragraph; and by the power of *Hypallage*, placing the laſt couplet firſt, and the firſt laſt, I ſtill allowed the other three their middle ſituation. Then hinting *more to the ſame purpoſe*, I jumpt over a dozen lines, which ſeemed foreign to my purpoſe, and gave a concluding couplet.

As our Readers might well take my word that the firſt perſon *Education* addreſt was a *Lord*, there was no need of my quoting the lines whence I learnt it:

> To various lords of various lands ſhe came:
> Some juſt had heard, and others ſeen her name.
> As they beheld the ſage celeſtial Fair,
> Love in her eye, and honor in her air,
> Approach with modeſt, yet majeſtic mien,
> Each Lord addreſt ſoon readdreſt the Queen.

ſo I gave them to know, that this could only have been a *Lord-Mayor*, becauſe he ſaid, among other things,

The

The Lawyers latin is not taught at ſchool,
Nor Doctors hi'roglyphics learnt by rule.

Then mark how I touch the propriety of our Bard's going apprentice to himſelf or to his mother, when he might have found ſo many good maſters, ſuch as brother *Macmoloch* and others that himſelf has celebrated in his poem.

This ſtricture comes under my favorite figure *irony:* for I, being none of your *ſuperficial Critics*, reduce every ſtroke to its claſs. But ye know, my Brethren, though our Readers little imagine, the fine *apocope* in the laſt line of the cloſing ſcrap of the Preface, where I ſo happily changed

Thee worthier of a ſite, a ſite more worthy thee.

into

Thee worthy of a ſite, a ſite more worthy thee.

any more than that in the firſt line of the Artiſt:

He reſts not in effect, but ſcans each cauſe;

where a ſingle letter dropt makes a fine coincidence, the Author having allowed but one plain meaning,

He reſts not in effects, but ſcans each cauſe.

I knew myſelf warranted by the laws of *Enallage*; or come the worſt that could come, we have but to own the variations *ſlips of the compoſitor*; in which ſlips we have indeed been ſo peculiarly unfortunate, that our eight-and-twenty volumes collectively are by ſome malignants conſidered as one *typographical error*.

But this ſpecies of *Enallage* or exchange is two-fold, the *accidental* and the *intentional*. To the former claſs belong vulgar typographical errors, chiefly to the latter ours; at leaſt in our quotations from the works of others. Our Court has indeed the excluſive privilege of *deſigning* an *accident* or *making a miſtake*, in the literal ſenſe of that expreſſion; and this we do one of two ways; either by committing the error where it was not, or by imparting it where it is not; by creating a blunder or charging a cheat. The former we have often ſucceſsfully practiſed, as well as in the preſent ſpecification; the latter we no leſs happily exemplify,

* *Monthly Review* for *February* 1763. Vol. XXVIII. p. 165.

An Account of the Spaniſh Settlements in America. In Four Parts. I. *An Account of the Diſcovery of America, by the celebrated Chriſtopher Columbus: With a Deſcription of the Spaniſh* inſular *Colonies in the Weſt-Indies.* II. *Their Settlements on the Conti-*

nent of North-America. III. *Their Settlements in Peru, Chili, Paraguay, and Rio de la Plata.* IV. *Their Settlements in Terra Firma. Of the different Countries in South-America ſtill poſſeſſed by the Indians, &c. With a deſcription of the Canary Iſlands. Each Part contains an accurate Deſcription of the Settlements in it, their Situation, Extent, Climate, Soil, Produce, former and preſent Condition,* trading Commodities, *Manufactures, the Genius, Diſpoſition, and Number of their Inhabitants, their Government both civil and eccleſiaſtical; together with a conciſe account of their chief Cities, Ports, Bays, Rivers, Lakes, Mountains, Minerals, Fortifications, &c. With a very particular account of the Trade carried on betwixt them and Old Spain. To which is annexed a ſuccinct Account of the Climate, Produce, Trade, Manufactures, &c. of Old Spain. Illuſtrated with a Map of America.* 8vo. 5 s. Edinburgh printed for Donaldſon, and ſold by Durham, &c. in London.

The full and circumſtantial title of this publication, may give it, with ſome kind of Readers, the air of a Catchpenny; they would do well, however, to conſider, that nothing can be fairer than to exhibit the particulars of what is offered to ſale. In favour of the preſent work alſo, it may be added, that ample and explicit as the title-page may appear, it does not ſpecify the whole contents; the Compiler having generouſly given a Journal of the Siege of the Havannah, with the returns of the killed and wounded, printed verbatim from the public papers, into the bargain. There is one typographical error, indeed, in the title, which may be apt to miſlead ſome Purchaſers; but the careleſſneſs of Compoſitors is ſuch, that ſlips of this kind are unavoidable. Read for 'each part contains an *accurate* deſcription,' &c. an *inaccurate* deſcription: and the title-page will agree with the book. But to be ſerious, were we not aſſured there is no greater want of Authors in Scotland, than of coals at Newcaſtle, we ſhould be apt to think ſome of the moſt wretched of our London Compilers had ſtrolled down to Edinburgh, in order to give Mr. Donaldſon a ſpecimen of the art and myſtery of book-making, as it is at preſent practiſed in the Grubſtreets of this metropolis.'

It is true that, as by one method any thing may be diſfigured, ſo by the other every thing may be reverſed. The ſame figure that turns *accurate* into *inaccurate*, may turn *ſcriptural, moral, religious, loyal, ingenuous, learned,* &c. into *antiſcriptural, immoral, irreligious, diſloyal, diſingenuous, unlearned,* &c. and certain it is that *Irony*, which is but another ſpecies of ſubſtitution, will often uſe the affirmative for the negative, and the contrary.

Under

Under the general name *hypallage* I comprehend the *metonymy*, or that figure which interchanges a whole and its part. To exemplify this celebrated figure, I knew no better way than that of exhibiting firſt a ſimile without its object, and then an object without its ſimile; in order that our Readers, who are all almoſt as cunning as ourſelves, from one half of each compariſon might form a due idea of the whole of both.

Education proceeding to diſcuſs the point, *whether a public or private* Education *be the* moſt *eligible*, *paſſes the higheſt encomium on the good effect of* her whetter EMULATION, whom I naturally call *her whetter* from the following line:

Yet where's the whetter like my Emulation?

To any Readers but ours both ſides of both ſimile's would have been requiſite: for no other can compare two objects, and ſee but one of them. The object of the ſimile would have thus preceded it:

Say then, inſpirer of whoe'er excel,
In what bleſt region thou delight'ſt to dwell.
For where thou liv'ſt, I live; where di'ſt, I dy;
Joint as we ſtand, unſever'd ſhall we ly.
Retirement ne'er could light thy ſocial fires:
The cocker'd ſon ne'er knew thee at his ſire's.
'Mong numbers is thy reign, or friends or foes;
By various ſprings impelling theſe and thoſe.
Thou gen'rous rivals joy'ſt to make or find:
Now he before looks back on him behind—
Now the ſurpaſt o'ertakes the bleſt before;
And now they pant abreaſt, till either can no more.

And, becauſe from my haſty quotation there may ſlip two or *three* typographical errors, the other part of the parallel might be expected as it ſtands in the poem thus:

So minds maturer vy in life's career,
By hope incited, or allay'd by fear.
Each paſſes each, as thou enflam'ſt their ſoul;
Till mutually ſublim'd, they reach the goal.
Nor ſtopp'ſt thou there,—but fir'ſt the heav'nly hoſt
Who ſhall ſtill higher hymn Sire, Son and Holy Ghoſt.

In the third book, where I confeſs that 'Pedia proceeds to excite the emulation of both Tutors and Pupils, by recording the merit of the moſt celebrated Geniuſes of ancient and modern times,' and where ſhe has (I fear too completely) characteriſed ſeveral of them, who ſhall here be nameleſs, I could

find of above five hundred and fifty lines, poor ſeven for my purpoſe (and them I hope I improved), the eighth being directly the reverſe, as it would have not only completed the rime, but by the ſimile have illuſtrated, if not partly ſanctioned the ſentiment. I may ſafely give it you.——

As once the Savior from the fane of God.

The characters of the fourth book, being thoſe of every member of Society that Education can propoſe to form, muſt be calculated, not for the emolument of Society, but of the Author (which is indeed all one to us); and ſo muſt be ſparingly ſpecimen'd. But ſomething muſt be ſhown—Every one of the characters provoked me, particularly the *Divine*, whoſe wings I have therefore ſufficiently clipt, by reducing him from 127 lines to ſix. Yet after ſo many ſhreds, I might well boaſt my *ample ſpecimens*, and leave the Reader to judge, having ſo well enabled him, of the Author's *tranſcendent merit in poetical compoſition!*

The incidental ſtrictures peculiarly belong to *Irony*, the figure which predominates throughout the article. Education's ſaying

Many have daub'd, who never ſaw my face;

I did not underſtand, and treated it therefore with the humor ſuch nonſenſe deſerved. If it ſignifies, as one I conſulted, ſuggeſted to me, that many pretenders have daubed a face for an original they never ſaw, I myſelf am an inſtance: for I am ſure I have daubed Education's face to the beſt of my power, nor am leſs ſure that I never ſaw it. But this cannot be the meaning——for then what becomes of my facetiouſneſs?

Certain it is, that whenever we either are embarraſſed, or want to embarraſs, we laugh loudly, and prove our good-ſenſe by our good-humor. The play upon the word *tune*, as well as the games of *hide-and-ſeek*, *hop-ſcotch*, *huſtlecap*, &c. were thrown in merely as embarraſſers or embelliſhers. Yet when all my decompoſitions, diſtortions, alterations and ſcoffings, availed ſo poorly to murder the compoſition and ſentiments, was it not provoking, beyond all critical patience, that I could make the Poet neither (as his friend ſays)

Break Priſcian's head, nor Pegaſuſes neck;

the latter of which I have ſometimes tried to the hazard of breaking my own; and the former we all have often done without any hazard at all, at leaſt from our Readers!

Theſe

Theſe however could not but laugh with me at the word *ſite*, which I hung out to them in due character, and which, as they never had ſeen it before, could not be an engliſh word. How ſhould they imagine, who never read any poetry but mine, or ſuch as has with equal merit received the palm from this Bench; how ſhould they, I ſay, imagine that Poetry has one language and humble Proſe another? For the ſame reaſon *enormous joy* muſt ſeem nonſenſe to thoſe who never knew *Milton's enormous bliſs*, which though I chanced to have ſeen, even I could not much regard; *Milton* being, but for his heroes whom we ſo juſtly honor, a poet, in ſubject or ſong, of no more authority with us than *Pope* or *Young*, or even than *Moſes* himſelf.

While amidſt all my daubing I own that I never ſaw the face of Education, ye will perhaps wonder, my learned brethren, where I pickt up the little ſkill I have ſhown in the figures of an orator. But ye muſt know I borrowed it from brother *Macmoloch*, who had himſelf picked it up from the famous grammarian *Ruddiman*. Much the fitteſt was therefore the ſaid *Macmoloch* for repaying, in our peculiar ſtile, the kindneſs of his Benefactor; that is, for moſt impartially trying, caſting and condemning the ſaid *Ruddiman*, when he dared to be defendant againſt one who had nothing human but the name of *Man*, and whoſe modeſt plea meant only to prove that Mr. *Ruddiman* knew nothing of that latin tongue, which he had taught mankind for more than half a century. But Mr. *Ruddiman* made a bold appeal from our ſentence: I hope his friend, as I hear our poet boaſts himſelf, will make none ſuch from mine.'

The admirable Doctor now modeſtly accepted the plaudit he merited:

Bene, bene reſpondere:
Dignus, dignus eſt decrere
In noſtro docto corpore!

Tranquillity at length returning, every member began regularly to explain his particular ſhare of the general ſatisfaction which the equitable Inquiſitor had given in the whole elaborate trial of the poet as well as poem of *Education*.

'Where the poem perplexed you, you had double reaſon for laughing down the poet,' ſaid the ingenious member who had moved the ſuppreſſion or cenſure of the *Poetic Wreath*. 'For my part, I ſhall ever honor your judgement, were it but for the ſuppreſſion of the characters, particularly that of him who fore-ordained and fore-doomed us in the poem, which therefore our Editor, by advice of the Court, moſt ſagaciouſly hung out, and ſtill hangs out as the code, or emblem of the *Monthly*

Review; of that wicked wit, who long before he doomed the Dunces, had prophetically ſaid:

Pride, Malice, Folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes, of Parſons, Critics, Beaux;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd, when merry jeſts were paſt:
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But, like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th'oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.'

The applauder of *The Relief* applauded no leſs cordially the neglect of *Pope*'s coeval and coenemy, who had long ago chimed with him in doing the Confederacy the honor of the following compliment:

Critics on verſe, as ſquibs on triumphs, wait;
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling Fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink and die.
Rail on, my Friends! what more my verſe can crown,
Than COMPTON's ſmile, and your obliging frown?

'The preſent object of our rage (ſays he) who doubly deſerves it, by enjoying now no leſs than formerly this poet's praiſe, would probably compliment us in like manner, if his idea's needed any other words beſide the change perhaps of *Neſtor* for *Compton*.'

The Corrector of *The Prince of Abyſſinia* thanked the Doctor for not introducing *Johnſon*'s picture to the view of the Public; for, added he, '*Reynolds* never drew him liker, though no one loves him better. Nay it is ſhrewdly ſurmiſed, that *Elphinſton* might more fairly apply to his real, than did *Pope* to his imagined Friend, a peroration that will ſuit an Eſſay on Child or Man:

Come then, my Friend; my Genius, come along,
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!

And,

And, while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe;
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?

Thus may he *glory in the verſe he did not write*, and perhaps in that he did, when *Horace* and *The Rambler* do him the honor to mix his name with theirs; particularly on an occaſion that declares all three joint enemies to our Society.

The Rambler, Number III. *Tueſday, March* 27, 1750.

VIRTUS, *repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,*
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ. HOR.

Undiſappointed in deſigns,
With native honors virtue ſhines;
Nor takes up pow'r, nor lays it down,
As giddy rabbles ſmile or frown. ELPHINSTON.

THE taſk of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths, by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light in upon the mind, and open new ſcenes to the proſpect, or to vary the dreſs and ſituation of common objects, ſo as to give them freſh grace and more powerful attractions; to ſpread ſuch flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progreſs, as may tempt it to return, and take a ſecond view of things haſtily paſſed over, or negligently regarded.

EITHER of theſe labours is very difficult, becauſe, that they may not be fruitleſs, men muſt not only be perſuaded of their errors, but reconciled to their guide; they muſt not only confeſs their ignorance, but, what is ſtill leſs pleaſing, muſt allow that he from whom they are to learn, is more knowing than themſelves.

IT might be imagined, that ſuch an employment was in itſelf ſufficiently irkſome and hazardous; that none would be found ſo malevolent as wantonly to add weight to the ſtone of Siſyphus; and that few endeavours would be uſed to obſtruct thoſe advances to reputation, which muſt be made at ſuch an expence of time and thought, with ſo great hazard in the miſcarriage, and with ſo little advantage from the ſucceſs.

YET there is a certain race of men, that either imagine it their duty, or make it their amuſement, to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius, who ſtand as ſentinels in the avenues of fame, and value themſelves upon giving IGNORANCE and ENVY the firſt notice of a prey.

To theſe men, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by the appellation of CRITICS, it is neceſſary for a new author to find ſome means of recommendation. It is probable, that the moſt malignant of theſe perſecutors might be ſomewhat ſoftened, and prevailed on, for a ſhort time, to remit their fury. Having for this purpoſe conſidered many expedients, I find in the records of ancient times, that ARGUS was lulled by muſic, and CERBERUS quieted with a ſop; and am, therefore, inclined to believe that modern critics, who, if they have not the eyes, have the watchfulneſs of ARGUS, and can bark as loud as CERBERUS, though, perhaps, they cannot bite with equal force, might be ſubdued by methods of the ſame kind. I have heard how ſome have been pacified with claret and a ſupper, and others laid aſleep by the ſoft notes of flattery.

THOUGH the nature of my undertaking gives me ſufficient reaſon to dread the united attacks of this virulent generation, yet I have not hitherto perſuaded myſelf to take any meaſures for flight or treaty. For I am in doubt, whether they can act againſt me by lawful authority, and ſuſpect that they have preſumed upon a forged commiſſion, ſtiled themſelves the miniſters of CRITICISM, without any authentic evidence of delegation, and uttered their own determinations as the decrees of a higher judicature.

CRITICISM, from whom they derive their claim to decide the fate of writers, was the eldeſt daughter of LABOUR and of TRUTH: ſhe was, at her birth, committed to the care of JUSTICE, and brought up by her in the palace of WISDOM. Being ſoon diſtinguiſhed by the celeſtials, for her uncommon qualities, ſhe was appointed the governeſs of FANCY, and impowered to beat time to the chorus of the MUSES, when they ſung before the throne of Jupiter.

WHEN the MUSES condeſcended to viſit this lower world, they came accompanied by CRITICISM, to whom, upon her deſcent from her native regions, JUSTICE gave a ſcepter to be carried aloft in her right hand, one end of which was tinctured with ambroſia, and enwreathed with a golden foliage

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of amaranths and bays; the other end was encircled with cypreſs and poppies, and dipped in the waters of oblivion. In her left hand, ſhe bore an unextinguiſhable torch, manufactured by LABOUR, and lighted by TRUTH, of which it was the particular quality immediately to ſhew every thing in its true form, however it might be diſguiſed to common eyes. Whatever ART could complicate, or FOLLY could confound, was, upon the firſt gleam of the torch of TRUTH, exhibited in its diſtinct parts and original ſimplicity; it darted through the labyrinths of ſophiſtry, and ſhewed at once all the abſurdities to which they ſerved for refuge; it pierced through the robes, which rhetoric often ſold to falſhood, and detected the diſproportion of parts, which artificial veils had been contrived to cover.

THUS furniſhed for the execution of her office, CRITICISM came down to ſurvey the performances of thoſe who profeſſed themſelves the votaries of the MUSES. Whatever was brought before her, ſhe beheld by the ſteady light of the torch of TRUTH, and when her examination had convinced her, that the laws of juſt writing had been obſerved, ſhe touched it with the amaranthine end of the ſcepter, and conſigned it over to immortality.

BUT it more frequently happened, that in the works, which required her inſpection, there was ſome impoſture attempted; that falſe colours were laborioufly laid; that ſome ſecret inequality was found between the words and ſentiments, or ſome diſſimilitude of the ideas and the original objects; that incongruities were linked together, or that ſome parts were of no uſe but to enlarge the appearance of the whole, without contributing to its beauty, ſolidity, or uſefulneſs.

WHEREVER ſuch diſcoveries were made, and they were made whenever theſe faults were committed, CRITICISM refuſed the touch which conferred the ſanction of immortality; and, when the errors were frequent and groſs, reverſed the ſcepter, and let drops of lethe diſtil from the poppies and cypreſs, a fatal mildew, which immediately began to waſte the work away, till it was at laſt totally deſtroyed.

THERE were ſome compoſitions brought to the teſt, in which, when the ſtrongeſt light was thrown upon them, their beauties and faults appeared ſo equally mingled, that CRITICISM ſtood with her ſcepter poiſed in her hand, in doubt whether to ſhed lethe, or ambroſia, upon them. Theſe at laſt increaſed to ſo great a number, that ſhe was weary of attending ſuch doubtful claims, and, for fear of uſing improperly the ſcepter of JUSTICE, referred the cauſe to be conſidered by TIME.

THE proceedings of TIME, though very dilatory, were, ſome few caprices excepted, conformable to juſtice: and many, who

who thought themſelves ſecure by a ſhort forbearance, have ſunk under his ſcythe, as they were poſting down with their volumes in triumph to futurity. It was obſervable that ſome were deſtroyed by little and little, and others cruſhed for ever by a ſingle blow.

CRITICISM having long kept her eye fixed ſteadily upon TIME, was at laſt ſo well ſatisfied with his conduct, that ſhe withdrew from the earth with her patroneſs ASTREA, and left PREJUDICE and FALSE-TASTE to ravage at large as the aſſociates of FRAUD and MISCHIEF; contenting herſelf thenceforth to ſhed her influence from afar upon ſome ſelect minds, fitted for its reception by learning and by virtue.

BEFORE her departure, ſhe broke her ſcepter, of which the ſhivers, that formed the ambroſial end, were caught up by FLATTERY, and thoſe that had been infected with the waters of lethe were, with equal haſte, ſeized by MALEVOLENCE. The followers of FLATTERY, to whom ſhe diſtributed her part of the ſcepter, neither had nor deſired light, but touched indiſcriminately whatever POWER or INTEREST happened to exhibit. The companions of MALEVOLENCE were ſupplied by the FURIES with a torch, which had this quality peculiar to infernal luſtre, that its light fell only upon faults.

No light, but rather darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe.

WITH theſe fragments of authority, the ſlaves of FLATTERY and MALEVOLENCE marched out, at the command of their miſtreſſes, to confer immortality, or condemn to oblivion. But the ſcepter had now loſt its power; and TIME paſſes his ſentence at leiſure, without any regard to their determinations.'

Macmoloch bowed, as he could, to the Doctor for ſilencing a certain picture, 'which,' ſaid he, 'though the poet has unwittingly as well as unwittily drawn it like me, I fear he intended for himſelf; and ſo indeed his mother, who is certainly not mine, appears to have underſtood it. As for his characters of the Claſſics, orators or poets, ancient or modern, you might as well have advertiſed his *Academy*, as exhibited any one of them.'

The political Critic ſeemed glad the ſtateſman was ſuppreſſed: for the other characters, he ſaid, they might exiſt in the fancy of a poet or pedant, but would ſooner ſpring in an iſland adjacent to *Utopia*, than in the iſle of *Great-Britain*.

'The Doctor made an admirable excerpt from the bowels of the Divine,' ſaid the ſpeaker of the Court's condolence with the injured as ingenious Mr. *A.* and who was perhaps himſelf the modeſt Author of a late celebrated criticiſm on *The Man*

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after God's own heart; ' but I am greatly pleaſed (almoſt perſonally obliged) that he did not touch the odious groop in one line,

Moſes, Iſaiah, David, Joel, Job,

unleſs it had been to ſhow from their works, that Religion admits no poetry. Be this as it will, though we may number all five amongſt our enemies, at leaſt ourſelves amongſt theirs, two of them have ſeveral times of late years met the treatment they deſerved, were it but for the pictures they draw, and the dooms they denounce, which muſt be owned ſo ſtriking, as to make us, like our inſpirers, *believe and tremble*, and almoſt to perſuade even me, not only that they are prophetical, but of higher than human authority. Do but hear him!

Ariſe, O God, maintain thine own cauſe: remember how the fooliſh man blaſphemeth thee daily.

Forget not the voice of thine enemies: the preſumption of them that hate thee, increaſeth ever more and more.

For they have caſt their heads together with one conſent, and are confederate againſt thee.

They corrupt each other, and ſpeak of wicked blaſphemy: their talking is againſt the Moſt-High.

For they ſtretch forth their mouth unto the heaven, and their tongue goeth through the world.

Therefore fall the people unto them, and thereout ſuck they no ſmall advantage.

Tuſh, ſay they, how ſhould God perceive it? is there knowledge in the Moſt-High?

Lo, theſe are the ungodly, theſe proſper in the world, and theſe have riches in poſſeſſion!

They encourage themſelves in miſchief, and commune among themſelves how they may lay ſnares, and ſay, that no man ſhall ſee them.

But their own tongues ſhall make them fall; inſomuch that whoſo ſeeth them, ſhall laugh them to ſcorn.

Oh! how ſuddenly do they conſume, periſh, and come to a fearful end!

Yea, even like as a dream when one awaketh; ſo ſhalt thou make their image to vaniſh out of the city.

As another of our Author's Geniuſes and of our Antagoniſts afterwards ſays:

Profeſſing to be wiſe, they became fools.

So again our royal Foredoomer:

Are they not without underſtanding, that work wickedneſs?

And I lie even among the children of men, that are ſet on fire; whoſe teeth are ſpears and arrows, and their tongue a ſharp ſword.

They

They have laid a net for my feet, and preſſed down my ſoul; they have digged a pit before me, and are fallen into the midſt of it themſelves.

and in particular addreſs,

Why boaſteſt thou thyſelf, thou tyrant, that thou canſt do miſchief?

Thou haſt let thy mouth ſpeak wickedneſs, and with thy tongue thou haſt ſet forth deceit.

Thou ſateſt and ſpakeſt againſt thy brother, and haſt ſlandered thine own mother's ſon.

For it is not an open enemy that hath done me this diſhonor; elſe I could have born it.

But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend.

The words of his mouth were ſofter than butter, having war in his heart: his words were ſmoother than oil, and yet be they very ſwords.

So far the royal Prophet and Poet (to uſe what I ſuppoſe our Author's appellations) as the awful Legiſlator had long before him not only repeated the ten ſtatutes he ought to have repealed, but fulminated the following ſentence.

Deut. xix. 16. If a falſe witneſs riſe up againſt any man, to teſtify againſt him that which is wrong:

17. Then both the men between whom the controverſy is, ſhall ſtand before the Lord, before the prieſts and the judges which ſhall be in thoſe days,

18. And the judges ſhall make diligent inquiſition: and behold, if the witneſs be a falſe witneſs, and hath teſtified falſely againſt his brother:

19. Then ſhall ye do unto him, as he had thought to have done unto his brother: ſo ſhalt thou put the evil away from among you.

20. And thoſe which remain ſhall hear and fear, and ſhall henceforth commit no more any ſuch evil among you.'

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

In behalf of the

CRITICAL REVIEW.

INIMITABLE as the *Monthly Review* has been demonſtrated in every part of its procedure, that fame could not fail to provoke envy, which for ſeven wondrous years forbid even emulation. But what is long admired, will come to be mimicked, if not to be imitated; and mimicry will come to reſemble, if not to rival, what it cannot hope to equal.

Through fourteen fair volumes had therefore the *Monthly* Inquiſitors damned to fame, and famed to infamy; when ſome truly-kindred ſpirits, conſcious of equal merit moral and intellectual, nor longer able to brook the monthly monopoly of critical Inquiſition, reſolved to inſtitute a Court of like kind, in order to divide, if they could not divert, at once the profit and praiſe. But let none imagine that here was *Satan divided againſt Satan.* The diviſion of his votaries proves the doubling of his kingdom; nor was this ever more viſible than in the preſent inſtance. The new Inquiſitors boaſted equal commiſſion, nay equal inſpiration with the old; to whom they bore indeed no leſs than the relation of younger brothers. No wonder then if their tempers and talents, their principles and practices, their plan and their period, became one and the ſame. Yet ſome diverſity was indiſpenſable. The new Tribunal took the title of the *Critical Review*, and ſet out (as does a new and *only right* ſhop, with an inconſiderable variation of the ſign, againſt the *old original)* by ridiculing the judicature it meant to emulate. In Ridicule the new Court had a manifeſt ſuperiority, this artillery being hitherto almoſt unknown to the old, the leading members of which were lineally deſcended from certain families, whom a late facetious hiſtorian celebrates for not having been known to laugh during many generations. But as the earlier Bench had lent the later all the other parts of their now-common plan, ſo defence taught gradually the attack of Ridicule. Thus improving and improved, they reciprocated celebrity where they meant ſubverſion; till, mutually fearleſs and hopeleſs, they forgot each other, and proceeded like two ſiſters in the common cauſe.

Endowed thus with like powers, acted by like ſpirit, and invited by like views, the Benches came ſoon to immortaliſe and fulminate

fulminate with the ſame effect as with the ſame authority. Nor are the judges of both tribunals only animated by one ſpirit; they are manifeſtly members of one body. The Recorder, who is in both a fundamental member, was actually tranſplanted from the *Monthly* to the *Critical*. He who has with equal honor and ability diſcharged the double truſt of Recorder and Editor during the ſeven years from the erection of the *Critical Review*, had been regularly trained for either character, by filling for ſeveral preceding years the office of *Under-recorder* to the *Monthly*. Whether any other judges have been transferred (if not tranſlated) from one honorable Bench to the other, is not ſo certain as probable. But from the perfect reſemblance of one Recorder formed under the other, and the exact ſimilarity of all elſe, we may well aſſure ourſelves, that the other members of the *Monthly* have no leſs perfect counterparts in the *Critical:* that here too a Divine muſt doom Religion, a ſecond *Macmoloch* analyſe an Analyſt, and another cunning Doctor pronounce not only upon Phyſic but upon Wit, alike (if poſſible) poſſeſt of taſte and talent, alike exemplified in works of ſcience and ingenuity. Certain it is, that the members here as there may be named *Legion, for they are many*; nor leſs certain that this Bench, like the other, admits no Judges but Authors damned or Authors damnable. Of theſe the principal is ſaid to have introduced that *free and eaſy*, or jocular art of judging, which, though emulated by her elder Siſter, has hitherto ſecured to this Tribunal ſuch an aſcendant over all Courts or Critics that ever preſumed to laugh.

So conſtituted, and ſo championed, the *Critical* might well make even the *Monthly* tremble. But equally as they were ſupported both by viſible and inviſible Powers, their conteſts, as has been hinted, only whetted their weapons; and the Recorders having particularly tried them ſome time, yet in vain, on each other, propoſed and effected a union general and particular, whatever apparent differences might occaſionally enliven both Tribunals—a confederacy which took place not only upon the principles of ſound policy, but in that obedience whence neither ſide ever ſwerved to the *Mighty-Mother*, who conjured them together:

> Ah * *! * * ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage
> Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?
> Blockheads with reaſon wicked Wits abhor;
> But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
> Embrace, embrace, my ſons! be foes no more;
> Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics' gore.

The good Goddeſſes Courts thus happily united, became now often echoes of each other, and practiſed mutual imitation with

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as much care as they ſometimes affected mutual difference. That the Tribunals became therefore in all elſe one, will be believed without credulity, as evinced without trouble, from two *Critical* Criticiſms, one without ſpecimen, the other with one; both reſpecting an author to whom the *Monthly* has ſhown a diſtinguiſhed good-will; one giving, like the *Monthly*, an oblique thruſt, the other echoing in *March* what the *Monthly* had thunder'd in *February*.

The connexion of the Recorders has been hinted. Both hated the author for one burden he had cruelly laid on both——that of benefits. Both generouſly ſeized the firſt opportunities of throwing off the intolerable load, and of cruſhing, in their turn, the oppreſſor who had injuriouſly thrown it upon them.

The firſt inſtance of the candor of the *Critical* towards this object of common benevolence appears in the laſt paragraph of the long article, entitled,

Memoirs for the Hiſtory of Madame de Maintenon and of the laſt age. Tranſlated from the French, *by the author of the* Female Quixote. *In five Volumes* 12mo. pr. 15 s. Millar.

Critical Review for *April* 1757. Vol. III. p. 360.

'The more we examine this woman in the ſeveral periods and different ſituations of her life, the leſs we ſhall doubt that ſhe was a ſaint, and almoſt a heroine. Her Memoirs are entertaining and inſtructive; they contain many new and pleaſing anecdotes, not improperly introduced. There are, in the three firſt volumes, ſome errors of the preſs, which people more partial and ſevere would perhaps lay to the door of the Tranſlator, for whoſe merits we have a great reſpect, and we ſhould much rather have ſeen her name affixed to the tranſlation of the pieces of poetry ſcattered through the work, than that of *Elphingſton*, to which from this ſpecimen of ingenuity we cannot pay any great regard.'

Whatever *people more partial and ſevere* (if any be) *would have laid to the door of the* fair *tranſlator, for whoſe merits they have ſo great a reſpect*, the *Criticals* cannot but confeſs one exception to thoſe merits in the odious name ſhe thought fit to join with her own; a name doubly odious, becauſe of its ſingular, though ſmall, ſhare in the verſion, which ſhare however was ſuch as neither to deſerve abſolutely no notice, nor to admit any ſpecimen. But that the *Critical* Readers may ſee (nor is it ever too late) with what juſtice the *Critical* Reviewers pay ſo little regard, where the confeſſedly ingenious Tranſlatreſs had done ſo much honor; how far her taſte is to be, with whatever reluctance, arraigned, in order to damn the talent of her Friend, will abundantly appear from the following ſpecimens, which exhibit, not a part, but the whole concern the name of *Elphinſton* was prevailed on to take in the work, without any apprehenſion of ſuf-

fering from an honor (perhaps needleſly) devolved by Modeſty upon Friendſhip.

Vol. I. P. 26. When Monſieur de *Candale* ſhewed the king of Navarre a child of ſix years old raiſing a cannon by the help of a little machine, Monſieur d'Aubigné wrote in M. de *Candale*'s pocket-book the following latin diſtich:

Non iſthaec, Princeps, Regem tractare doceto;
Sed doctâ regni pondera ferre manu.

Not theſe, O Prince, inſtruct a King to wield;
But rather the enormous weight of reign.

80. When old d'Aubigné told his young bride that he was condemned to die, ſhe replied calmly: 'Love is a greater power 'than the king of France.' D'Aubigné thanked her thus:

Quand d'Aubigné ſe vit un corps ſans tête,
Il maria ſon tronc pâle & hideux;
Très-aſſuré qu'une femme bien-faite
Auroit aſſez de tête pour tous deux.

When old Aubigné loſt his head,
His body he thought fit to wed;
Well judging that a buxom fair
Had head enough for both to ſpare.

155. *Gilles Boileau*'s epigram to *Scaron* againſt his Lady.

Vois, ſur quoi ton erreur ſe fonde,
Scaron! de croire que le monde
Te va voir pour ton entretien.
Quoi? ne vois-tu pas, groſſe bête,
Si tu grattois un peu ta tête,
Que tu le devinerois bien?

That people preſs to hear thy prate,
Thy folly would incline:
But only ſcratch thy ſhallow pate,
And thou'lt the cauſe divine.

Scaron's return to *Gilles Boileau*.

157. *Avec Iris je n'ai rien de commun:*
D'autres l'ont dit, mais c'eſt tout un;
Et j'en rirai, ſi bon me ſemble:
Mais ce que tout le monde & moi
Ont de commun enſemble,
C'eſt de croire auſſi vrai qu'un article de foi,

Qu'un

Qu'un honnête homme & toi
N'ont rien qui ſe reſſemble.

Iris and I have nought alike;
A joke, which tho' not new, may ſtrike.
Myſelf ſhall join, if I think fit;
As who would not with ſo much wit?
But I and all, in one agreed,
Muſt hold it certain as our creed,
That a gentleman and thee
In one ſhape we ne'er ſhall ſee.

Monſieur *Scaron*, who in his epiſtle of thanks to Mademoiſelle de *Scudery*, calls Madam *Scaron*

162. *Celle par qui le ciel ſoulage ſon malheur,*
Digne d'un autre époux comme d'un ſort meilleur.

The dame whom Heav'n has ſent to ſooth his fate,
Deſerves, to ſooth her own, another mate.

can never have been guilty (thinks our Author) of the following verſes every way inapplicable to Madam *Scaron*:

163. *Je vous ai donné des bijoux,*
Collet, robe, & jupe:
Enfin jamais dupe
N'a tant fait pour vous.

Monſieur votre frere
A fait de grands repas:
Vos ſeurs & votre mere
Ont eu de bons ducats,
Que je ne compte pas.

Je vous ai promenée aux champs:
Souvent à ma porte,
Soit que j'entre ou ſorte,
Je vois vos marchands.

Pour porter à l'aiſe
Votre chien de C——,
Tous les jours une chaiſe
Coûte un bel écu
A moi pauvre cocu.

More gowns and ſmocks I gave,
Your nakedneſs to hide,

And toys, than ever ſlave
To poverty and pride.

The worthy 'ſquire your brother
Has had his treats untold:
To ſiſters and to mother
I have my ducats dol'd.

Even in the green retreat,
If there your fancy runs,
Which way I go, I meet
Your dealers or your duns.

And then again in town,
Your lazy bones to bear,
Your cuckold with a crown
Muſt daily find a chair.

173. Upon loſing *Scaron*, his lady (proceeds the author) might ſay with Monimia:

Et veuve maintenant ſans avoir eu d'époux.

I'm now a widow who have had no ſpouſe.

192. Madam *Scaron* to the abbé *Têtu*, who had compared her to a jailer, ſent the following verſes:

Ah! l'ingrat, le maudit métier,
Que le métier de geolière!
Il faut être barbare & fiere:
Il faut faire enrager un pauvre priſonnier.
Non: ce n'eſt pas là ma maniere.
Tous ceux qui ſont dans mes liens,
D'eux-mêmes ſont venus s'y rendre.
Je n'ai pas cherché les moyens,
De leur plaire ou de les ſurprendre.
Priſon ou liberté—je leur donne à choiſir,
Je le dis donc, ſans être vaine:
Je prends mes captifs ſans plaiſir,
Et je ſais les garder ſans peine.

Ah curſed jailer-trade,
Where all the brute muſt aid
To make a pris'ner mad!
No: that was ne'er my way.
The ſlaves that own my ſway,
Have choſe the chains they had.

Diſdaining

Diſdaining all decoy,
I ſay it, nor am vain;
I catch them without joy,
And guard them without pain.

Madam de *Richelieu*, compared to a ſhopkeeper, theſe:

La marchande au palais ſe pique
D'avoir tout du plus beau chez ſoi.
Moi, je n'étale rien. Mais mon je ne ſais quoi
Fait qu'on accourt à ma boutique.

The trading dame will boaſt
Of having all that's fine,
In hopes to make the moſt:
But no ſuch art is mine.

No trumpery I've got,
The paſſing eye to ſtop:
But my——I know not what
Accuſtoms thus my ſhop.

Mademoiſelle d'*Aumale*, compared to a tinker, this ſtanza:

Le métier que je fais eſt aſſez difficile,
Et ne rapporte que très peu.
Je ſoude aſſurément en fort honnête fille,
Mais on ne peut ſouder ſans feu.

My trade is hard, no doubt,
Nor claims an ample hire:
Full honeſtly I clout,
But cannot without fire.

Madam *Scaron* on a party of pleaſure, which produced none:

Six perſonnes brûlant du deſir de ſe voir,
Après s'être cherchés ſe trouvèrent un ſoir
Dans un bois ſombre & ſolitaire.
Que leur plaiſir fut grand! il paſſa leur eſpoir;
Mais après les tranſports du ſalut ordinaire,
Ils ne ſurent que dire & ne ſurent que faire.

Six perſons burnt to meet,
And meet they did at laſt,
All in a lone retreat:
Enjoyment hope ſurpaſt.
But the firſt tranſports o'er, they knew
Nor what to ſay, nor what to do.

For the abbé *Têtu* ſhe made this epitaph:

Ci-gît an abbé froid & ſec,
Dont la vigueur fut endormie.
Dans les derniers temps de ſa vie,
Il ne lui reſtoit que le bec,
Dont il becquetoit ſon amie.

A ſnarling abbat lies here-under,
Whoſe character may waken wonder:
In latter moments of his life,
Tho' he could never boaſt a wife;
When nought remain'd him but his bill,
He peck'd a friend, a female ſtill.

And this for the duke of *Richelieu.*

Ci-gît Armand: l'Amour, pour faire piece aux belles,
Lui donna ſon ſouris, ſon caquet, & ſes aîles.

Here lies Armand, to whom, for female ſtings,
Love lent his ſmile, his prattle, and his wings.

where the name would become Engliſh by tranſpoſition of place and ſtreſs:

Here Armand lies, &c.

On the ſign of a Magdalen that reſembled the abbé Têtu, Madame *Scaron* produced theſe ſtanzas:

Eſt-ce pour flatter ma peine,
Que dans un vieux cabaret
Croyant voir la Madeleine,
Je trouve votre portrait?

La marque d'amour me touche,
J'en aime la nouveauté:
On vous a fait femme & louche,
Sans nuire à la vérité.

Is it then to ſooth my pain,
That thy portrait meets my eye;
Magdalen no more in chain,
To invite the paſſers by?

Loving glances muſt endear;
I am fond of what's ſo new——
Thou haſt got a female leer,
Nor in this offend'ſt the true.

Vol. II. 281. *Boileau*'s compliment to *Lewis* XIV.

L'univers ſous ton regne a-t-il des malheureux ?

Can ought be wretched when a Lewis reigns ?

III. 29. Mademoiſelle *Bernard*'s verſes to M. *Mignard*, on his pictures of *Lewis* XIV. and Madam de *Maintenon*.

Oui, votre art, je l'avoue, eſt au deſſus du mien.
J'ai loué mille fois notre invincible maître ;
Mais vous, en deux portraits, vous le faites connoître.

On voit aiſément dans le ſien
Sa valeur, ſon coeur magnanime :
Dans l'autre on voit ſon goût à placer ſon eſtime.
Ah ! Mignard ! *que vous louez bien !*

Your art ſurpaſſes mine, I own.
I've oft our matchleſs maſter prais'd ;
But in two portraits you have ſhown,
What ne'er my nobleſt numbers rais'd.

His valour *that* and mighty mind,
To each enraptur'd eye diſplays ;
His taſte *this* and eſteem refin'd—
How delicate thy pencil's praiſe !

97. The inſcription on the gold-croſs ſent by the ladies of *Saint-Cyr* to Madam de *Maintenon* :

Elle eſt notre guide fidelle :
Notre félicité vient d'elle.

Behold our faithful guide,
Whence all our bliſs and pride !

139. Compliment to the Foundreſs of *Saint-Cyr*.

Elle voit les honneurs avec indifférence :
Son coeur de vains deſirs n'eſt jamais combattu.
Sa maiſon même de plaiſance
Eſt une école de vertu.

With vain deſires her boſom never beat ;
To vulgar honors ſhe continues cool :
Her very pleaſure-ſeat
Is ſacred Virtue's ſchool.

148. Paſſages from *Racine's Eſther*, relative to the ſubject:
—to Madam de *Maintenon*.

Sans doute on t'a conté la fameuſe diſgrace
De l'altiere Vaſhti, dont j'occupe la place:
Comment le roi contre elle enflammé de dépit,
La chaſſa de ſon trône ainſi que de ſon lit.
Mais il n'en put ſi-tôt effacer la penſée:
Vaſhti regna long-temps dans ſon ame offenſée.

The dire diſgrace thou doubtleſs haſt been told
Of haughty Vaſhti, whoſe high place I hold;
How the great King, indignant to have wed,
Debas'd her from his throne and from his bed.
But o'er his heart he no ſuch conqueſt gain'd:
Long in that place of torment Vaſhti reign'd.

——to M. de *Louvois*.

Il ſait qu'il me doit tout, &c.

To me he knows his all is due, &c.

——to Father de la *Chaiſe*.

Et l'enfer couvrant tout de ſes voiles funebres,
Sur les yeux les plus ſaints a jeté ſes tenebres.

Hell with her diſmal vails o'ercaſting all,
On holieſt eyes has made her darkneſs fall.

——to the King.

De ta gloire animé lui ſeul de tant de rois,
S'arme pour ta querelle & combat pour tes droits, &c.

Him only of the kings thy glory fires:
For thee he arms, and for thy cauſe aſpires, &c.

Raiſer avec reſpect le parvis de tes temples.

With rev'rence to ſalute thy ſacred courts.

——to the King and Madam.

Je ne trouve qu'en vous je ne ſais quelle grace,
Qui me charme toujours, & jamais ne me laſſe:
De l'aimable vertu doux & puiſſants attraits!

In you alone I muſt a grace admire,
Which ever charms me and can never tire:
Of lovely virtue ſweet reſiſtleſs power!

Oui,

Qui, vos moindres diſcours ont des graces ſecretes:
Une noble pudeur à tout ce que vous faites
Donné un prix que n'ont point ni la pourpre ni l'or, &c.

Yes, ſecret ſweets your ev'ry word purſue:
A gen'rous bluſh enhancing all you do,
Reflects a luſtre far above the throne:
A pomp to purple or to gold unknown.

Et le roi trop crédule a ſigné cet édit.

And ſo the cred'lous king the edict ſign'd.

On peut des plus grands rois ſurprendre la juſtice.

The greateſt, juſteſt kings may be deceiv'd.

From *Racine's Athalie.*

156. *Elle flotte, elle héſite: en un mot elle eſt femme.*

She wavers, heſitates; is woman ſtill.

From a cantata of *Racine*, compoſed for *Saint-Cyr.*

165. *Mon Dieu! quelle guerre cruelle!*
Je trouve deux hommes en moi:
L'un veut que plein d'amour pour toi,
Je te ſois ſans ceſſe fidelle;
L'autre à tes volontés rebelle
Me ſouleve contre ta loi.

My God! what cruel ſtrife!
I find two men in me:
One full of love and life,
Would faithful prove to thee;
The other, rebel to thy will,
Againſt thy law excites me ſtill.

168. *Boileau*, in his ſatyr on women, ſays, however, that he knew one

Humble dans les grandeurs, ſage dans la fortune,
Qui gémit comme Eſther de la gloire importune.

In grandeur humble, and in height ſedate,
Who groans like Eſther under glorious weight.

whoſe maxim it was

Qu'à l'égliſe jamais devant le Dieu jaloux
Un faſtueux carreau ſoit vu ſous ſes genoux.

or Who will not that the jealous God ſhall ſee,
A pompous cuſhion ſink beneath her knee.

211. Epigram on the new knights of the Holy-Ghoſt.

Le roi que ſa bonté réduit à mille épreuves,
Pour ſoulager les chevaliers nouveaux;
En a diſpenſé vingt de porter des manteaux,
Et trente de faire des preuves.

The king whoſe bounty tries each care,
How beſt to eaſe the upſtart-knights,
Allows a ſcore no clokes to wear,
A ſcore and ten to bring no rights.

IV. 226. Two lines of a tragedy ſatirically applied to Madam de *Maintenon:*

Qu'eut-elle pour monter au rang d'impératrice?
Un peu d'attraits peut-être, & beaucoup d'artifice.

What had ſhe to aſſume th'imperial part?
A few attractions, and a world of art.

Of the former of which laſt the Printer had indeed ſpoiled the meaſure by a falſe eliſion in

What had ſhe t'aſſume, &c.

as he had the grammar of another by careleſly printing *thou* doubtleſs *has* for *thou* doubtleſs *haſt*; and the rime of a third by adding a final *s* to

——her boſom never beat.' *

LARGELY as the *Critical Reviewers* had treated their Readers with candid quotations from the proſe of a pen they ſo juſtly reſpected; they could not be ſo barbarous as to tire the ſaid Readers with any ſamples of verſe from a hand, which they would not ſo much as have named but to ſtigmatize it. Here however the ſame ſpirit beams illuſtrious that in the *Monthly Review* blaſted with one flaſh the *Hymn after Sore-Eyes*, to which the *Critical* would have born like (if not equal) teſtimony, had this Court equally known whence it came: for it is the hand alone that can attract the notice of the tremendous Tribunals to performances ſo petty in themſelves. Yet we cannot but admire a greater portion of that ſpirit (for ſpirit itſelf muſt be progreſſive) in the *Critical Review* of the new Poem of EDUCATION, which, by ſubject and author and every thing, muſt fire at once not the *Macmolochs* or Recorders only, but the every member of both *Inquiſitions*.

* See pages 101, 102.

The

The younger Bench, one would not ſay *puny*, leſt it ſhould not diſtinguiſh, any more than write *puiſné*, leſt this ſhould reſemble other *Benches*, to which theſe bear an innate antipathy; the younger Bench however, be its other epithets what they will, ſuſpended with due deference her judgement, till her elder ſiſter fulminated in *February* what ſhe was then in duty bound to refulminate with ſome ſmall variation in *March*. To one, ample juſtice has been done: this deſign will be completed by the other.

Critical Review for *March* 1763. Vol. XV. p. 214.

Education, in four Books: By James Elphinſton. 8*vo*. *Pr.* 3*s*. Owen.

WE have lately had an *Education* in four volumes of proſe from Mr. Rouſſeau, and now we have one in four books of verſe from Mr. Elphinſton. The Critical Reviewers do not much value themſelves on their ſagacity and diſcernment, becauſe they are able to trace the author's profeſſion and drift in every line of his work; a circumſtance which, together with his being a moſt indifferent poet, is the ſum total of their knowledge acquired from a work entitled *Education*. We have a faint remembrance of having ſeen ſome poetical attempts by the ſame hand heretofore; and we aſk the gentleman's pardon, if we unjuſtly aſcribe to him the following ſtanza, which we quote from memory; and aſſure our readers, that if it doth not belong to the author of Education, it is, at leaſt, worthy of his muſe.

God not a beaſt did make me, but a man;
And not a Turk, but a true Chriſtian;
Tho' Providence made me a ſchool-maſter,
None of the meaneſt ſort I dare aver.

The opening of this poem repreſents *Education* as a perſonage ſearching round this metropolis for a proper *ſite*. The obſtacles ſhe meets with, from the ignorance and ſelf-intereſt of thoſe to whom ſhe applies, form a ridiculous enough diſtreſs. One tells her,

'That you are good on 'Change, there's little talk;
Tho' ſometimes boaſted on the Scottiſh *walk*.'

And,

'When you pretend true int'reſt to compute,
On *int'reſt upon int'reſt* you are mute.'

Another offers the lady a houſe, but unfortunately it wants repair; and Madam *Education* has no money to beſtow on repairs.

You're

" You're welcome to repair it, if you're willing:
But, Madam, I cannot afford one ſhilling."
" Sir, ſaid the lady, *reverence* dropt withal,
By me your fabric nor ſhall ſtand nor fall."

'Tis pity the meaſure would not allow of another ſyllable, and then the reverence dropt in the third line might have been knighted.

At laſt *Education* ſtumbles upon a habitation, which, if not well deſcribed in the poem, is at leaſt well engraved at the end; and leſt one front of it ſhould not be ſufficient, the author has been at the expence of two plates.——Perhaps ſome people may think the author pays his own academy rather too high a compliment; but the following quotation will ſhew that he has a very different ſenſe of the matter.

' Now Education caſt a piercing ray
O'er ev'ry region where her fav'rites lay:
Nor twice ſeven times had Sol his courſe begun,
When at a parent's call Edina ſent a ſon.
" Hail my firſt-born," ſhe ſaid, " 'tis my deſign
To place thee and thy darlings here, the Nine.
Where ſilvan ſcenes on ev'ry hand delight,
Where great Auguſta too exalts the ſight.
See holy Peter's light aſcending pile,
The peerleſs glory of a gothic iſle!
There my ſurviving ſons ſome tribute pay
To thoſe whoſe aſhes, earth to earth, they lay.
There ev'ry Muſe combines her pow'r to ſhow
That worth ſtill triumphs over ev'ry foe;
That wit ſhines brighter forth a beam of God,
When diſembodi'd from the deadly clod;
That thoſe whoſe deeds have writ their names on high,
'Amid the very tombs ſhall Time and Death defy.
Look where great Paul's auguſt corinthian fane
Now ſwells in air, now ſinks in ſmoke again:
Stupendous ſtructure paſſing tongue or pen,
That blends the pow'r of Majeſty and Wren.
There palaces ariſe, and villas here.
Where Peace moſt flouriſhes, fell War is near.
There Affluence riots on what Heav'n has lent:
Here well-earn'd Competence beſtows Content.
There ſoul and body join to purchaſe Wealth,
Here cloudleſs Toil ſecures the ſoul's and body's health.
Yet trees alone to rear has been the ſcope;
Nor ever roſe before the Britiſh hope;
But now ſhall riſe. And ev'n if trees to rear,
Pomona's ſons muſt ſerve a ſeven-long year;

So here muſt thou my nobler art to reach:
He that would teach to learn, muſt learn to teach.
Train'd to my lore the term expir'd ſhall ſee
Thee worthier of a ſite, a ſite more worthy thee.'

This paſſage is full of *inſtruction*. We learn in the firſt place, that the author is a Caledonian; and though he did not leave his native country, as many others had done, uninvited, yet he readily obeyed the firſt ſummons; and indeed he could not do leſs, being *Pedeia*'s firſt-born——in ſhort, he arrived in town within a fortnight.

We are at a loſs for the ſenſe of the two following lines:

Yet trees alone to rear has been the ſcope;
Nor ever roſe before the Britiſh hope.

Pray can it allude to the excellency of Scotch gardeners?—It certainly does, from the ſubſequent couplet; and it alſo appears that pedagogues, as well as gardeners, muſt ſerve a ſeven-long-year apprenticeſhip, and he that would

Teach to learn——muſt——learn to teach.

It would be endleſs to follow Mr. Elphinſton through the different ſtages of his education, as adapted to the different profeſſions; we ſhall only obſerve, that in his epithets no poet has been more happy; of which Athens *beturf'd* may ſerve as an example.——Mr. Elphinſton may be, and we believe he is, a very good ſchool-maſter; but his poem is a freſh proof of the old maxim, That the paleſtra never produced a good warrior.'

While the *Monthly Review* cannot but be proud of the honor here done her in ſo happy an Imitation, that very happineſs cannot but threaten a rivalry which the elder daughter of *Dulneſs* never till now apprehended. Tremble therefore, O *Monthly*, awake thy Parent, ſet forth thy ſervices, and urge thy birth-right: rival'd as thou art in all thy arts, and ſurpaſt in ſome! firſt therefore in ſpecimen, the *Critical*'s being *wholely* taken from the *Preface*. Here, *Monthly*, thou art fairly beat: for thou took'ſt almoſt as much from the poſtſcript. In tranſpoſition indeed the *Monthly* ſhowed greater experience, as well as in diſlocation of the parts. None but a puny, like the *Critical*, could have given ſix and thirty undiſlocated and unadulterated verſes; and then craved contempt for the Author.

'But, good *Monthly* (cried the *Critical*) did not I well to ſtop at the Preface when I owned what thou ſhowedſt without owning, that though neither of us durſt attack the rime, it was a univerſal blank to both? Where I could carp nothing,

thing, like thee I laughed. I italified after thee the ſtrange word *ſite*, and ſome others that had nothing ſtrange but my *italification*. Thou thinkeſt I underſtand not the art of exchange, whatever pedantic name thou mayeſt give it; or however thou mayeſt *crampify* a pretended error of the preſs. But know, that with all my ſeeming ſimplicity, I have *made* ſome *miſtakes* as well as thou. The difference is ſo ſmall (and indeed I wiſh I have not improved it) between *a ſhilling* and *one ſhilling*, that I ſhall not mention it. But equal me *beturf'd*, if thou canſt. *Beturk'd* is the Author's word, and may be his for me: but ſtill I would rather have *beturf'd* in this couplet:

Athen's beturk'd muſt her *Mars' hill* deplore,
Nay chriſtian *Rome* her ſenate knows no more.

Not to inſiſt on triſles, did not I diſcover as well as thou that *Education* is couched in four books? and did not I confront what thou couldſt not or wouldſt not, two names, which, but by the parallel of four books and four volumes, would never have come together? I neither knew, nor pretended to know any other plan. Thou ſaweſt no more plan, I am confident, than I did; and yet, to ſave (as thou thoughteſt) appearances, thou would'ſt drop deadly hints of every book, of which all thy facetious perplexity took not away the danger.

Thou beganneſt (as if mad) with diſtinguiſhing the Author we both meant to extinguiſh, *from the herd of Pedagogues*, and with hinting at leaſt, if not *ſhewing to the world the delicacy of his taſte, the ſublimity of his genius, and his profound knowlege of mankind*; and concludedſt as wiſely with *his tranſcendent merit in poetical compoſition*.

I ſet out with modeſtly hinting, that I valued not myſelf on my ſagacity, though I ſaw the author's *profeſſion and drift in every line of his work*; *a* circumſtance, *which, together with his being a moſt indifferent poet, is the ſum total* (and it was true) *of my knowledge acquired from a work entitled* Education. So I ended ſententiouſly with making the poet prove, in ſpite of himſelf, *that the paleſtra never produced a good warrior*.

I own, Siſter, that all my ſolid merit, firſt was thine: thou wilt perhaps confeſs in thy turn ſome ſuperficial improvement from the ſprightlineſs of my converſation. Nor can I deny that in the preſent article we ſeem to have exchanged characters: ſo much have we gained from each other. Yet thou wilt alſo allow that we both have dealt in the mixt manner, and have equally ſcorned that uniformity, which ſpeaks neither invention nor taſte.

Variety, thou knoweſt, is always expected: the gay and the grave give double pleaſure. A learned Critic of thine damned the ſelf-ſame author ſome years ago for his expence of pains.

My

My firſt Preſident does the like now for his expence of plates. But, no more to weigh our mutual improvements than mutual merits, compariſons (thou knoweſt) being always odious; far leſs to divide againſt a common enemy; in one *circumſtance*, I dare to vy with thee, and in another to challenge Critic-kind: The two *circumſtances* are *dignity* and *generoſity*.

In the *flying* or *letting fly*, of the *Winterpiece* *, which if I had not deemed it a maſterpiece, I ſhould ſcarce have ſtrained ſo hard to emulate, there was almoſt inimitable deſert. But my *knighting* or *wiſhing knighted* honeſt *reverence*, thou wilt no leſs candidly acknowledge a degree beyond the baronet *ſirloin*, vulgarly painted a *ſurloin*.

The other *circumſtance* is the compliment no leſs boldly than generouſly paid at once to my Author and my *Readers*; which laſt I *aſſure*, that I have a *faint* (and but faint) remembrance of having ſeen ſome poetical *attempts* (and but attempts) by the ſame hand heretofore; and thence *aſcribe* to him a well-known ſtanza, of which the real author, a member of myſelf, as well as a ſon of my mother, will, I fear, be leſs apt to grant me pardon for alienating ſo unworthily his property (which himſelf only cookt as a ſatyr) than the author, whoſe readers will, perhaps, not diſcern the reſemblance between the ſtanza I *aſcribed* to him and thoſe he has aſcribed to himſelf; though my Readers dare not doubt, *that, if it doth not belong to the author of Education, it is, at leaſt, worthy of his muſe.*'

The reply of the *Monthly* has not reached the ears of Fame: but, if ſhe daigned to make any, we may well believe it worthy the provocation given by the petulance of her young ſuffragan. Meantime, when we ſee ſo uncommon an example ſet by one ſiſter of fourteen, and ſo uncommon an emulation in a ſiſter of ſeven; if the Mighty Mother ſo juſtly joy in both her promiſing Daughters; what inſtruction and entertainment may not the Public, more and more, hope every month from either? and what may it not expect from the maturity of both?

* See the Note of Page 64.